

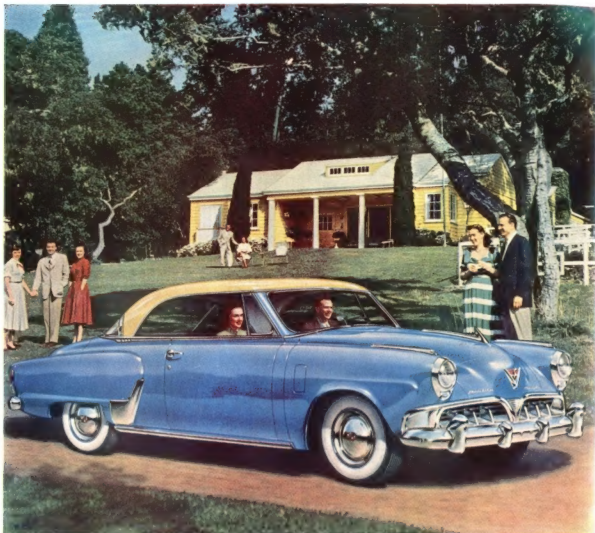
TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Arthur E. Scott

ALBEN (MR. DEMOCRAT) BARKLEY
The best loved.



State Commander V-8 hard-top—also available as a Champion.

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Get a sleek new Studebaker and cut your driving costs

Own the car that's paying a double dividend to many alert automobile buyers.

Win two ways with your new-car money. Get out-ahead style and stand-out gasoline savings. Get a jet-streamed 1952 Studebaker.

Studebaker cars finished first and second in actual gas mileage among standard class entries in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run. Overdrive, optional at extra cost, was used.

Shown above is the exciting Studebaker "hard-top"—the Starliner. All 1952 Studebakers offer glare-reducing tinted glass at extra cost.

See Studebaker for '52

The Studebaker Corp., South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.



A new "swept-back" look graces all 1952 Studebakers. Automatic Drive—or Overdrive—is optional at extra cost.



Photo courtesy Blackwell Turner Co., San Antonio, Texas.

Fighting a drought with fire

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

CATTLE used to starve to death until fire came to the rescue. Desperate for food during the dry season, they'd eat prickly pear cactus, thorns and all. The sharp spikes caused swollen, infected mouths. Soon the cattle couldn't eat at all.

Then a flame thrower was built that could burn off the needles in a few seconds. The spitting fire is made there at the end of the pipe—fed by kerosene or gasoline carried through rubber hose from a tank.

But a hose was needed that would be strong enough to stand the pres-

sure, flexible enough to take constant bending, rugged enough to handle the kerosene without rotting the inside, causing flaking of rubber that would clog the burner. B.F. Goodrich engineers, who had designed more than 1,000 kinds of hose, had already developed a hose that was right for the job.

They found a way of reinforcing the hose with strong cords that stand over 5 times the pressure needed to shoot the flame. They developed an oil-resisting rubber for the inside that won't rot or weaken. And for good

measure, they made a rubber cover that can stand constant flexing, yet is strong enough to resist scorching sun.

This hose is a typical B.F. Goodrich improvement—an improvement that saves money, does jobs better for industries of all kinds. It's the result of day-by-day research and it's a good reason for you to get in touch with your local BFG distributor when you need industrial rubber products. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, O.*

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WESTERN UNION

LETTERS

Aye for Eye

Sir:
Re the July 14 issue: Let me be one of the thousands to congratulate you and your staff... Blessings on you for the courage to come out with political views the way you have... Ignore the slams you'll get... Truth hurts, and it's about time someone had guts enough to publish the truth... I've read that "Eye of the Nation" article five times.

GWYNNE DE COVERLY

Chicago

Sir:
Hurrah to TIME for exposing the Republican National Committee and the Taft tactics. I had begun to believe that Tus too could see corruption only within the Democratic Party; but right makes for right, and the convention itself upheld your stand in its decision... The Republican Party's candidate will go to the people this November with clean hands.

GEORGE D. CARLOCK JR.

Honey Grove, Texas

Sir:
I suppose the big eye on your convention cover once had an eyebrow. But it was lifted clear out of the picture at some of the goings-on it saw in Chicago.

KENNETH F. HALL

Anderson, Ind.

King Kong Cuts

Sir:
... Each time *King Kong* is revived [TIME, July 14], more of the picture is cut. Not since 1933 have audiences seen the scene on the cliff in which Kong sits to examine his prize (Fay Wray) and tears off part of her dress... Is this scene in the 1952 revival or does blue-nose prudery win another round?

EDWARD CONNOR

New York City

¶ RKO happily reports that Kong continues to triumph over prudery.—ED.

Munich: Kennedy v. Churchill

Sir:
In your June 9 Letters Column, Randolph S. Churchill says TIME was wrong in referring to Czechoslovakia as "Britain's ally"

and denounces the "holier than thou" attitude adopted by some Americans towards the English in regard to Munich, and states that England had no more moral or legal obligation to defend Czechoslovakia than had the U.S. Mr. Churchill implies that the respective positions of Great Britain and the U.S. towards Czechoslovakia were on a par.

Britain's military alliance with France under the Locarno Pact of 1925... although it did not guarantee Czechoslovakia against aggression as it did Belgium, made it inevitable that if France went to war to fulfill its own direct obligation under the Franco-Czech Treaty of 1924, England would be drawn in... England was deeply committed, by her treaty with France and by her official actions... The illustrious father of Mr. Churchill has admitted that Great Britain was deeply involved and that "it must be recorded with regret that the British Government not only acquiesced but encouraged the French Government in a fatal course" (Churchill, *The Gathering Storm*).

The U.S. had no political involvement in Europe in 1938... President Roosevelt never sent congratulations to Mussolini for arranging the Munich Conference, as alleged by Randolph Churchill... The President's telegram to Mussolini on Sept. 27 was a final appeal asking Mussolini to intervene with Hitler...

JOHN F. KENNEDY

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Lobstercide

Sir:
You should have consulted Cooking Expert Diane Lucas (WJZ-TV New York) for the simplest and most humane of all methods of killing a lobster [TIME, July 14]. She has shown us television pupils a cross behind its head which she pierces with a knife. The lobster is dead within seconds and none of the time-honored methods of cooking are interfered with.

MRS. LOUISE ASHENBERG

Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir:
Just in case no other New Englander writes to you about this lobster business, I protest these sadistic and unnecessary laboratory experiments with native members of our community. As long as 50 years ago, everybody

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TIME
July 28, 1952

Volume LX
Number 4
TIME, JULY 28, 1952



SHOULD MEN WASH DISHES?

A few things we have learned
in 115 years of pleasing women

We don't want you men to think we are going to put ourselves in the middle on this question. We only know that nobody hates washing dishes more than men, women and children.

But *somebody* has to wash the dishes. And on you, probably an apron doesn't look so terrible.

Somebody also has to keep the drawers full of clean shirts and socks. *Somebody* has to keep the finger marks off the woodwork and scrub the dirt off Johnny's knees.

Guess who?

Procter & Gamble has been built on helping your wife whittle down the size of jobs like these. We at P&G try to help her by bringing her new and improved products that save her a minute here and an operation there. (Five new woman-pleasing products in the last five years—14 basic improvements in others.)

But she's always eager for more help and we try to give it to her through our policy of "Progress through constantly trying to please."

If your wife wants moondust, we'll try to make it for her first. If we don't please her, we know our competitors will.



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Progress Through Constantly Trying To Please

Does 8% sound like much to You?



1
"Do you know that, at 40 miles an hour on a level road, half of your gasoline is used up overcoming engine friction?"



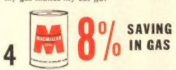
3
"Right! Now, anything that reduces that friction will make your car go faster or farther or climb a steeper hill."
"Sounds reasonable."



5
"So what? Eight percent doesn't sound like much."
"If gas is 25¢ a gallon, that 8% means a saving of 2¢."



2
"I never realized that. Then only half of my gas makes my car go?"



4
"That something is Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil. Hundreds and hundreds of tests made on cars like yours showed that motorists got an average of 8% more power after they changed to Macmillan Oil from whatever brand they had been using. This means an 8% saving in gas."



6
"Can that amount to much?"
"That saving of 2¢ a gallon on gas means a saving of \$2.00 over a normal period between oil changes—enough to pay for your change of Macmillan Oil."

And, of course, this economy isn't the whole story, either. For while it's reducing friction, Macmillan Oil reduces deposits of carbon, gum, and sludge in the engine—giving you higher compression, better piston seal and less likelihood of ping—lower repair bills. It keeps your car newer longer.

Start using Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil in your car now—at any of the 25,000 independent service stations, garages or car dealers where you see the big, red "M" sign. Write me personally if you can't locate one quickly. I'll reply at once.

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Macmillan
President



east of the Hudson River knew that plunging a lobster head first into furiously boiling water relieved him instantly of life and all its problems. Not even a tail-flip in protest . . .

Where have these experimenters hidden themselves from common but vital knowledge all this time?

CLARENCE E. BOSWORTH
Providence, R.I.

Education of a General

Sir:

It would appear that the Communists at Panmunjom are using the usual Pavlovian methods on our negotiators. It is somewhat reassuring to learn from your July 7 report on Mark Clark that our military men are aware of the technique of raising hopes and dashing them.

CHRISTOPHER W. HOEY
New York City

Fascinating

Sir:

Your July 7 PERSONALITY sketch on Professor Karl Jung was the most interesting in your new series to date. None of Jung's books contains half as much fascinating material as this one-page sketch. And, if TIME will permit me, I'd like to suggest another resident of Switzerland for a future PERSONALITY delineation—the famed theologian, Karl Barth.

NATHANIEL RUTHERFORD
Cincinnati

Soviet Slavery

Sir:

You are to be commended highly for your splendid July 7 article about the 5,500,000 prisoners of war missing in Soviet Russia . . . NATO's fact-finders talk about P.W.s only, and fail to mention the civilian victims . . .

Early in World War II some 1,200,000 persons were deported from Poland alone to the Soviet Union, one-third of them children. Between 1940 and 1949, the Russians deported about 267,000 persons from Estonia. From Latvia, nearly 350,000 persons were deported. Some 550,000 were sent to Siberia from Lithuania. "Only" 20,000 persons were abducted to the U.S.S.R. from Czechoslovakia. In Rumania, between 1944 and 1951, about 300,000 persons were sent to the Soviet Union and some 500,000 Germans were taken from Transylvania. Some 70,000 Hungarians were deported to the U.S.S.R. for political reasons. And these conservative figures do not include the millions of innocent persons who are the victims of the mass internal deportations in the Iron Curtain countries and in Soviet Russia proper . . .

GEZA B. GROSSCHMID
Associate Professor

Dept. of Economics
Duquesne University
Pittsburgh

Power Shovels

Sir:

As a heavy-equipment operator, I would like to bring TIME [July 7] up to date on an American colloquialism, i.e., "steam shovel," which was referred to in the article about the Trans Mountain Pipe Line through the Rockies. "Steam shovels" were obsolete 10 to 15 years ago, and at present all shovels are powered by diesel or gasoline and should be referred to as power shovels . . .

I hope the publication of this letter enables sidewalk superintendents to converse properly as we do in the construction trade.

WILLIAM B. BRODE
Lewistown, Pa.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Last Sunday night, driving back from Scranton, Pa., it was my bad luck to be caught in a crawling, honking, bumper-to-bumper traffic snarl, and I was reminded again of one of the most famous stories ever published in TIME. At a time when more Americans than ever before are taking to the nation's highways, I am sure you will enjoy rereading Writer Paul O'Neil's wonderful account of "The Last Traffic Jam" (TIME, Dec. 15, 1947):

IN his long and losing war with machines, modern man has devoted almost as much energy to damning newfangled contraptions as he has to inventing them. He has cursed the power loom, the steam locomotive, the Welshman's mantle, the airplane and the electric shaver with a vehemence calculated to deliver whole generations of mankind to the greatest fry cooks of nether Hell. But in half a century of blissful self-delusion, he has failed to perceive that the family automobile is the most monstrous engine of all.

The average U.S. citizen completely ignores the regularity with which the automobile kills him, maims him, embroils him with the law and provides mobile shelter for rakes intent on seducing his daughters. He takes it into his garage as fondly as an Arab leading a prize mare into his tent. He woos it with Simoniz, Prestone, Ethyl and rich lubricants—and goes broke trading it in on something flashier an hour after he has made the last payment on the old one...

In some big cities, vast traffic jams never really got untangled from dawn to midnight; the bray of horns, the stink of exhaust fumes, and the crunch of crumpling metal eddied up from them as insistently as the vaporous roar of Niagara. Psychiatrists, peering into these lurching, honking, metallic herds, discovered all sorts of aberrations in the clutch-happy humans behind the steering wheels.

Some fell prey to a great, dull hopelessness. In Manhattan, where it often takes 15 minutes to go a block through trucks, cabs and darting pushcarts, a taxi driver said: "We're beat. We got expressions just like people in Europe. It used to be you could get into a fight, but now even truck drivers take the attitude: 'If you wanna hit me, hit me.' They don't even get out to look at a fender."

But more often, people experienced a wild sense of frustration. Said Dr. J. P. Hilton, a Denver psychiatrist: "The driver behind a traffic crawler gets angry. His reason departs. He wants to ram through, to pass, to punish the object of his anger." Did the doctor feel the same way? "And how," he said, and shuddered. "I dream of wide highways and no automobiles—no automobiles at all."

But though postwar motorists were gradually becoming horn-blowing neurotics with tendencies toward drinking, cat-kicking and wife-beating, there were few who did not believe that the traffic evil would soon be corrected. This enormous delusion has been a part of U.S. folklore since the day of the linen duster, driving goggles and the high tonneau.

Congress and state legislatures had appropriated millions to build super-highways on which speeders could kick themselves at higher speeds. The traffic light, the yellow line, the parking lot, the parking meter, the underground garage, the one-way street, the motorcycle cop and the traffic ticket had all blossomed amid the monoxide fumes—and traffic had gone right on getting thicker and noisier year by year.

Unabashed, men were still dreaming up panaceas. Only occasionally did they have a wild and honest ring, as when William J. Gottielli, president of the Automobile Club of New York, jokingly suggested closing down all bridges and tunnels leading to Manhattan and declaring a state of siege. For the most part, man still pinned his hopes on the traffic tag and public works.

Man steadfastly refused to see that nothing could solve the traffic evil but the fast-multiplying automobile itself. The problem would end for good on the day of the last traffic jam—at that shrieking moment when every highway, street, road and lane in the nation was so clogged with cars that none could ever move again. Only then would man be free of the monster. But would he accept his freedom? It seemed doubtful. It would be too easy to lay boards across the tops of a billion sedans and start all over again with jet propulsion, foam rubber wheels and special lighters for the motorist's neon-trimmed opium pipe.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



Any way you look at it

Your telephone is worth far more than it costs.

The cost of a call can be counted in pennies.

The value is often beyond measure.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

U.S. AFFAIRS

DEMOCRATS

Robin Hood & Arithmetic

The Democratic Party stands in Chicago as a slightly aging Robin Hood with a paunch and a double chin, still bold and confident, but worried about the changing facts of life in Sherwood Forest.

For 20 years the Democrats have carried the nation with slogans of soaking the rich and championing the underdog. In 1952, they hope to do it again. But things have changed: now the villagers as well as the rich get soaked by taxes, and Maid Marian's mink coats have caused comment in the greenwood. There is a feeling that Robin has not been smart about the Communists, and Little John Acheson's foreign policy has caused fear for the future. Above all, Herbert Hoover is not Sheriff of Nottingham this year.

Basic Democratic strategy is to carry the "sure" Democratic states (i.e., those states that have not gone Republican in the last four presidential elections, which include the South plus Arizona, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Rhode Island and Utah, with a total of 190 electoral votes), and add to them New York (45) and California (32). That would make a total of 267 in the electoral college, or one more than necessary to elect a President.

Block in the Old Road. By nominating Ike Eisenhower, the Republicans have upset this calculation. Eisenhower has strength in the South as well as in New York-California (and other populous industrial states).

If the Democrats choose to hold the South at all costs by soft-pedaling FEPC and other New Deal measures hated in the South, they run a very grave risk of losing New York and California. On the other hand, if they try to make sure of New York-California by a hard-hitting New Deal program, they stand to lose a big piece of the South.

One extreme way of dealing with the situation is for the Democrats to stick 100% with the New Deal and take their risk in the South. This, in effect, is advocated by Candidate Averell Harriman and by labor leaders like Walter Reuther.

Where Is the Middle? The other extreme way of dealing with the situation is to hold the South at all costs. This is exemplified by Candidate Richard Russell, who in all likelihood could hold all Southern states against Eisenhower. But Russell is almost certain to wreak havoc in the doubtful Northern and Western states.

The extreme solution of the Harriman and Russell candidacies seemed to be making no progress with the delegates.

Rather than plunging for either extreme course many of the delegates favored a candidate who would have more chance with both the South and New York-California. On the convention's first day, the two names most often heard as



STEVENSON

Associated Press

Not running, but gaining.

meeting this description were those of Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson and Vice President Alben Barkley.

Truman, who had cooled somewhat on Stevenson, let it be known that he thought Barkley would be a good candidate. The Barkley boom began to gather surprising momentum—until it was knocked on the head by organized labor. The labor leaders who exercise a veto ("Clear everything with Sidney") on major Democratic decisions, did not object to Barkley on factional grounds. They simply decided that his age (74) made him a difficult candidate to sell to union members.

When word got around Monday night that labor had said no to Barkley, his strength began to melt. Late on the convention's first night, he issued a statement saying that "certain self-anointed political labor leaders" were opposed to him and that other Democratic leaders with large followings who had urged him to run had deserted him for another candidate. Therefore, said Barkley sadly, he was withdrawing.

Earlier in the evening, a Barkley supporter, Jim Farley, told a reporter that he expected Stevenson to be nominated on an early ballot.

Stevenson, by refusing months ago to accept Truman's invitation to run, moved toward a middle-of-the-road position. Many delegates look on him as the candidate most likely to hold the South and carry New York and California. He might win in November by losing a few solidly Democratic states and compensating for them by carrying Illinois and Michigan.

That is the Democratic reasoning which, on opening day, made Stevenson the first or second choice of more convention delegates than seemed drawn to any other candidate.

"He Can't Say No"

As the Democratic Convention began, the leader in the race for the presidential nomination was a man who kept insisting that he was not a candidate. All week long, the pressure on Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson steadily increased. On Sunday, when the governor attended Chicago's fashionable Fourth Presbyterian Church, he was the target of a sermon against indecision by the Rev. Dr. Harrison Ray Anderson. Dr. Anderson's theme was "How Men Know God's Will"; his conclusion: "One must act, act, act."

Heaven or Hell? Apparently unmoved by the pleas of one & all, Stevenson stuck to his now familiar story. While avid newsmen lay on the floor of an adjoining room eavesdropping under a heavy curtain, Stevenson told a "secret" session of the Illinois delegation that he was not "temperamentally, physically or mentally" equipped for the presidency. Insisting once again that all he wanted to be was governor of Illinois, he recalled the story of the man who had been asked whether he wanted to go to heaven or hell. The answer: "I want to stay right here."

When Stevenson had finished, chipper Chicago Boss Jack Arvey got up, undertook to answer the unspoken \$64 question: Would the governor accept a draft? Said Arvey: "I've never spent one 3¢ stamp or made a telephone call asking anyone to vote for Stevenson . . . But I'll say as long as I live that if the Democratic Party nominates Governor Stevenson, I know that in the light of his background he can't say no."

Arvey's speech made it clear that the Illinois delegation was prepared to ignore Stevenson's avowed wishes and vote for

him anyway. It was a move likely to have immense psychological impact on other delegates, who were sure to feel that canny Illinois politicians would not go so far out on a limb unless Stevenson would accept the nomination. It bore its first fruit the same evening when 32 Pennsylvania delegates announced that the Illinois governor was their candidate; Kefauver had 14 votes in the Pennsylvania caucus, Truman 11, Harriman only 7.

Candor & Confession. In his speech welcoming Democratic delegates to Illinois on the convention's opening day, Adlai Stevenson said nothing to clarify his own status, concentrated on mocking the Republicans who had left Chicago a week and a half before. Said he: "For almost a week, pompous phrases marched over this landscape in search of an idea, and the only idea they found was that the two great decades of progress [under the Democratic Party] were the misbegotten spawn of bungling, corruption, socialism, mismanagement, waste and worse. They captured, tied and dragged that ragged idea in here and furiously beat it to death . . . But we Democrats were not the only victims here. First [the Republicans] slaughtered each other and then they went after us. And the same vocabulary was good for both exercises."

Stevenson urged his audience: "Where we have erred, let there be no denial; where we have wronged the public trust, let there be no excuses. Self-criticism is the secret weapon of democracy, and candor and confession are good for the political soul. But we will never appease, we will never apologize for our leadership in the great events of this critical century."

It was a strong and effective speech. The delegates, who had cheered for six minutes straight before letting Stevenson begin, interrupted him repeatedly with applause and roared their enthusiasm when he had finished. But it had taken more than speeches to put Stevenson in his powerful opening-day position. By avoiding the label "Truman's candidate," he had made himself more acceptable to the anti-Truman wing. Truman had cooled toward him, but not enough to oppose him actively.

Some thought that Stevenson had planned it that way because he wanted to run as the candidate of a united party. Others were certain that Stevenson had planned nothing, had only told the simple truth when he said he did not want to be President.

If the latter was the case, he had got himself in quite a spot.

The Others

Unlike the Republican outlook of last fortnight, the pre-convention prospects of the Democratic candidates bore little relation to the votes publicly committed to them. Early this week, the candidates (other than Stevenson) lined up thus:

Avrell Harriman was making no significant gains in the early running at Chicago. His chief behind-the-scenes backer, President Truman, was discouraged

and willing to turn in other directions. **Estes Kefauver** had the most committed delegates (251½) and almost nothing else. His trading position for the vice-presidential nomination was fair.

Richard Russell decreased his slim chance last week when, in an obvious bid for labor support, he declared that the Taft-Hartley Act "must be supplanted by new legislation." The Virginia state convention, which had been considered certain to support him, reacted against his Taft-Hartley statement by sending an uninstructed delegation.

Harry Truman would not allow himself to be drafted unless there was a thoroughly hopeless deadlock that could not be broken by a draft of Stevenson.

Oklahoma's Senator Bob Kerr, Michigan's Governor Mennen Williams, Chief Justice Fred Vinson and half a dozen others were all among the 50-to-1 shots as the convention was called to order.



KEYNOTER DEVER
Archangels v. the Sheriff.

"We Shall Triumph Again"

The Democrats were resolved to make this a businesslike, no-nonsense sort of convention, and on the first day they succeeded. The first session started half an hour behind schedule (despite a promise that sessions would begin only 15 minutes late), but things moved ahead snappily.

The assembly felt its first political thrill when Governor Adlai Stevenson made his brisk speech (see above). Next speaker was Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois. Instead of generalities, which are customary for a convention's first day, Douglas chose to speak on a very specific issue, and one that was obviously worrying the Democrats: Korea.

To his prepared text, onetime Professor Douglas appended a page of footnotes, and from time to time he referred to a large map of Asia behind him. But it was

an all-out political speech, a more or less skillful attempt to whitewash the Administration's Asia policy.

Douglas cited the standard reasons why it would be dangerous to do anything beyond what the U.S. is doing now in Korea: "We would inevitably kill Chinese women & children by . . . bombing [beyond the Yalu], and the Communists would use this fact as a powerful propaganda weapon."

The speech showed signs of the wishful thinking which has characterized the State Department's policy. Joe Stalin might die soon ("If it should please the Lord to take him from us, we would be resigned to his loss"), and then everything would be better.

As for the Administration's decision to pull U.S. troops out of Korea in 1949, and Dean Acheson's 1950 statement that the U.S. could not guarantee Korea against attack, Douglas quoted a Joint Chiefs of Staff memorandum suggesting that the U.S. could well use its Korea-based troops elsewhere. "Now who do you suppose was the Chief of Staff of the Army when this military advice was given?" asked Douglas, theatrically cupping his ears and leaning over the rostrum, as if to listen for an answer. "It was Dwight D. Eisenhower!" And who did the delegates think made the U.S. proposal before the U.N. to withdraw the troops from Korea? Again the ear business, again the triumphant answer: "John Foster Dulles!"

The delegates seemed bored by Douglas' speech, milled through the aisles saying hello to friends, or read newspapers.

Make Believe? It was the same hall, now familiar to millions of TV viewers, but the Democratic stage designers had done their best to make it look different. The picture of Lincoln had disappeared; there was Harry Truman now, in the august company of Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson and F.D.R. Behind the speaker's stand loomed a new staircase. "When our people make an entrance," said one official, "they'll make an entrance—they won't sneak up a side stairway."

Again TV's glassy, curious stare was everywhere. The Democrats were determined to avoid some of the Republicans' TV mistakes. Two cameras had been set up above the floor's center aisle, permitting front views of the speaker on the rostrum. "The Democrats," said one of the Democrats' TV bosses, "will hit the American people in the eye."

The band had been moved from the far end of the hall to the platform, so that the chairman could keep it under better control. "We don't want anybody playing *Make Believe* the way they did when Eisenhower was nominated," said a wary Democrat. Delegates were warned that lip readers watching TV sets might be able to catch their whispers.

* Actually, Eisenhower and the other chiefs merely gave a military answer to a military problem, were not asked for and did not give overall strategic or political opinions. Dulles merely acted on instructions from the State Department.

lose the South to Eisenhower if the liberals persisted in insulting the South.

Even Harry Truman's warm friend, North Carolina's Jonathan Daniels, told the convention that the Moody amendment would preclude the party from "the great crusade it is our duty to lead and instead will cause us to go down to almost certain defeat in November."

Speaking against the Moody resolution, North Carolina's onetime governor, one-time U.S. Senator Cameron Morrison said that he believed himself to be the oldest man in the convention. "83 in a few days, and a lifelong Democrat," he concluded. "My God, deliver me from such tyranny as this over the minds and the hearts of the Democrats of this country."

But F.D.R. Jr. said that he would "guarantee" that if the Moody amendment was adopted "another general will

The Tie That Binds

(See Cover)

"Puddin'! Sugar Puddin'!" sang a husky feminine voice from the bedroom. A moment later Jane Barkley, a full-blown figure of a woman in scarlet housecoat, her hair in disarray, burst on to the side porch. "Look," she said, "I've got Mamie Eisenhower's bangs." Alben Barkley rose from his chair, tilted his wife's tousled head in his big hands, and smiled. "Well," he said, "you're prettier than she is."

Jane Barkley laughed and rustled back inside to a Paducah beautician who had come to get her all fixed up for the Democratic Convention. Her husband sank back in his chair, and went on relaxing. Without much doubt in this week before renouncing his candidacy, he was the most

young he still was at 74, he led a procession five blocks through the sultry heat to his headquarters in the Conrad Hilton Hotel. At a full-dress press conference that afternoon, his eyes looked a little tired, and his pink face seemed slightly drawn with lines of weariness. But as the Veep went through his catalogue of amiable answers and quipped his way through questions about his health, the reporters forgot that age was anything but a delight (yes, he would be nominated; no, he did not want to be Vice President again; yes, he stood on his record as a Fair and New Dealer).

Whenever he walked outside, Democrats crowded around him. All of them—including his five leading rivals—were glad to see him, and couldn't help showing it. They felt that he was somehow on their side. Alben Barkley was really on everybody's side: he was Mr. Democrat, the personification of a kind of comradeship that binds together the dissident bundles in the Democratic Party. There was a half-truth, but a deep half-truth, in the campaign placard: "North, South, East, West, all agree Barkley best." All would have agreed, at that point, that Barkley was second best.

On that agreement rested Barkley's slim hope for the nomination. It was not good enough. Too many of the party leaders knew that the Democrats are facing the fight of a generation against the G.O.P. ticket of Eisenhower and Nixon.

No Poin, Barkley's candidity and withdrawal will not damage the widespread affection in which he is held. His age has only mellowed the robust geniality that has always been his political stock in trade. He combines a strong Methodist sense of personal honesty, loyalty and principles with a belief that U.S. politics is a process of compromise rather than an instrument of doctrinaire philosophy or a weapon of personal ambition. And he discovered early in the game that a sense of humor could ease the process for everybody, including Alben Barkley.

"Alben gets his way," said a fellow Kentuckian, "but he does it so you never feel it hurt." In 1949, while Barkley was presiding over the Senate, he ruled against his Southern friends in an attempt to cut off a Southern filibuster. But he lost not a friend thereby. He set the tone by reaching for one of his ageless stories. "I feel," he said, "somewhat like the man who was being ridden out of town on a rail. Someone asked him how he liked it, and he said that if it were not for the honor of the thing, he would just as soon walk."

Another Kentuckian describes Barkley as "an extreme extrovert—but one with a feeling for what the other fellow is thinking." Translated into political terms, this means that he has an uninhibited affection for people, even strangers, and shows it when they put personal demands on his life. Right after his wedding in 1949, he overheard his bride say: "Will someone fix my jacket before I go out and face that mob?" Said the bridegroom: "Why, that's no mob out there, my dear, that's



THE BARKLEYS ARRIVE IN CHICAGO*

"A streak of lightning running right through my name."

fade away" in November.

The Southerners tried to compromise with a resolution, suggested by Daniels, that all delegates should support the party convention decisions "here and hereafter." The Northern liberals, out for blood, would have none of it.

Chairman Dever summarily refused a rollcall, ruled the Southern compromise beaten and the Moody amendment carried by voice vote.

The question before the Southerners was whether to lie down gracefully beneath the steamroller or get out of the way with another Southern bolt—either now or in November.

Left wingers did not seem to care whether the Southerners stayed with the party or not. In fact, the C.I.O.'s Walter Reuther had laid down the line in a letter to the resolutions committee. Wrote he: "We do not believe the South will bolt, but if it so chooses, let this happen. Let the realignment of the parties proceed."

relaxed of all the Democratic hopefuls. After announcing his candidacy in Washington, he had defied all political rules by retreating to his comfortable brick house in Kentucky. He puttered around his four farms. He went on picnics with Mrs. Barkley; he helped his hired man saw up an old cherry log.

On his last day at home, he came back from the telephone with a glitter in his eye. "You know," he said gleefully, "they've got a campaign button up there in Chicago with a streak of lightning running right through my name!"

Four Day Campaign. The Barkleys—the Veep, Mrs. Barkley and her daughter Jane Hadley—rolled into Chicago three days before the convention, and the candidate's first act was to pin a lightning button to his lapel. Then, to prove how

* Illinois' Jack Arvey, Mrs. Barkley, the Veep, Kentucky's Governor & Mrs. Lawrence Wetherby, Kentucky's Senator Thomas Underwood.

the American people." When the American people began to make sightseeing detours through the driveway of the Barkley farm, Mrs. Barkley was all for putting up a sign: "Private Property, No Trespassing." But Mr. Democrat put his foot down. Today, despite the fact that a family of strangers recently littered his front lawn with a picnic lunch, the Veep's only sign is the name on the mailbox: "A. W. Barkley."

Next to Harry Truman (who has the presidential prestige), Barkley is the most-sought-after speaker in the Democratic Party. His political oratory booms and pulses with echoes of the old-fashioned tub thump (even though he has consciously tried to tone it down for the microphone). Most of his stories are as whiskey and old as Abe Lincoln. But from Atlanta to Manhattan they love them, because they can't help loving the man who tells the stories. Somehow he stirs an impulse that every splintered Democrat feels more deeply than the jagged hatred of the other splinters. The impulse of love lies close to the Democratic Party's heart.

A.D.A. & K.K.K. The evidence of love in the Democratic Party is like the evidence of love in an enduring marriage whose partners are conspicuously and bitterly incompatible. Relatively speaking, the Republicans are a far more homogeneous lot than the Democrats; Republicans may argue about the choice of furniture but they speak the same language, and walk—if not hand in hand—in the same general direction, on principle. The Democratic Party has an appeal so broad that no single path of principle could possibly run through it. Instead of a common principle, the Democrats have love.

The modern Democratic Party sprang out of a 19th century coupling of the Southern aristocracy and Tammany Hall. All that the planters and Tammany's immigrant masses had in common was a distrust of rising U.S. capitalism: the planters distrusted it because industrialism threatened their way of life; the immigrants because competitive business drove painful bargains on wages and hours. To the alliance, the South contributed a taproot that ran back to the Jeffersonian anti-Federalist view of the Constitution. In the years when Republican administrations were encouraging business, the old Jeffersonian slogans appealed to both the planters and the hard-pressed city minorities.

Tammany contributed far more than control of New York City. It became a model for other city machines and it developed a "classless" political structure that ran all the way from the East Side to New York's Four Hundred.

The weird alliance of city boss and planter was never comfortable, but it was often effective. Even during the long Republican years, the Democrats rarely dropped below 45% of the national vote.

Franklin Roosevelt, scion of the Hudson Valley equivalent of Southern planters, saw that a political house which could hold such disparate elements could

be made to hold still wider differences—if only there was enough attention to intraparty love and as little nonsense as possible about overall party principle. He added organized labor, Northern Negroes, socialists and an assortment of millionaires. The door was so wide open that even the Communists got in when they wanted to.

Today the Democratic Party is the home of the most reactionary Southern leaders and the Americans for Democratic Action. It is the party of the least educated and the college professors; of the dispossessed and the millionaire playboys; of Hollywood glamour-pusses and Tobacco Road; of most Roman Catholics, most Jews, most voting Negroes—and most members of the Ku Klux Klan.

As unreconstructed New Dealer Leon Henderson put it last week: "The party

Money-Back Guarantee. Barkley has spent a long lifetime becoming the best loved man in the party of love. His yen for politics stretches back to Grandma Barkley's first stories of her distinguished cousin, Grover Cleveland's Vice President Adlai Stevenson (grandfather of Illinois Governor Adlai Stevenson).

To Alben's lasting political credit, he was born poor (Nov. 24, 1877), in a two-story log house in the one-crop tobacco country near Lowes, Ky. He was the eldest of eight children, and his father's favorite. When Alben had outgrown the little Lowes school, his father loaded the family and their possessions into a single wagon and, with the cow trailing behind, moved to Clinton, Ky. so Alben could go to Marvin College. Alben worked his way through Marvin as janitor (years later : wag posted a sign on the lawn: "Barkley



AL SMITH & BARKLEY
Love from a mutual security pact.

is strong because the divergent elements are brought together by an unspoken pact of mutual security." The Democrats are certainly not lacking in principle; each of the "divergent elements" has a principle and a direction of its own. What the Democrats lack are principles held in common by all the elements in the party. The "mutual-security pact" does not create intellectual agreement or compromise on these principles. But it does generate a strong emotional loyalty to the party. The Democrats have far more bitter internal fights than the Republicans, but they have also a keener feeling that they must stick together. Party love is more highly developed among the Democrats because they need it more.

Among Democrats, no man is more identified with the party's emotional cohesion than Alben Barkley. He leads no ideological faction, stands for no one of the "divergent groups"; he stands for the glue that holds the party together.

Sweet Here"), won high grades and a medal for oratory.

From Marvin he went on to Georgia's little Emory College, and worked summers peddling earthenware by horseback through the back country. On his first circuit he personally guaranteed his customers that the bowls and dishes would not crack with heat. On his second he used up his profits making good on the guarantee. Says he: "It wiped out my earnings, but I didn't lose a vote in that part of the county when I ran for office."

Roads to Congress. Barkley picked up law in the informal and highly efficacious way of the times: a few courses at the University of Virginia law school, home reading, and a term of clerking in the office of Paducah's famous old Judge William Bishop (fictionalized as Judge Priest by Paducah's other famous citizen, Irvin S. Cobb). Law led to politics, and in 1905 Barkley rambled through McCracken County on a one-eyed horse, stopping

at every farmhouse to swap stories and get himself elected county prosecuting attorney. The next jump (in 1909) was to county judge, and the next (in 1912) was a stump campaign for good roads. It landed him in Congress.

He arrived at the onset of Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom, set his course with the party leadership, and became identified as a progressive. In 1926 Barkley moved over to the Senate, two years later was in such good graces that he was allowed to second the nomination of Al Smith at the convention. He stumped for Smith, stumped again in 1932 for Franklin Roosevelt. In 1937 Roosevelt threw Barkley the majority leadership of the Senate by the famous "Dear Alben" letter,* and "Dear Alben"—sometimes known as "Bumbling Barkley"—amiably suffered the charges of sharp-tongued critics who said that he was nothing but a Roosevelt errand boy.

The Rebellion. But his critics didn't know what made Alben Barkley tick. They found out on Feb. 23, 1944. Barkley had worked faithfully to get through a \$10.5 billion Administration tax bill, came out with \$2.3 billion, which he knew was the best that Congress could produce in an election year. Roosevelt rejected the \$2.3 billion bill with a stinging veto message, penciling in the taunt that the bill was really "a tax-relief bill, providing relief not for the needy but for the greedy."

To Barkley this was a high-handed, impetuous insult to the Democratic majority. Solemnly he rose at his front-row desk in the Senate and, in a low and sometimes choking voice, told off Franklin Roosevelt for "his effort to belittle and discredit Congress." He concluded, "Mr. President, let me say . . . that if the Congress of the United States has any self-respect yet left, it will override the veto." The Senate roared, cheered and stamped. The veto was overridden in both houses. At a party caucus Barkley resigned as F.D.R.'s majority leader and, minutes later, was unanimously re-elected in a resounding vote of confidence in his independence.

Franklin Roosevelt mumbled a half-apology in a "Dear Alben" telegram, but five months later, when Barkley was getting ready to nominate Roosevelt for a fourth term at the Democratic Convention, Barkley got the news that Roosevelt had passed him over as a candidate for Vice President in favor of Harry Truman. This was a personal hurt, but not an affront to the party, so Barkley pulled himself together and made the hall echo with his eulogy of the Chief.

Chances are good that Alben Barkley would be President of the U.S. today if he

had not crossed Franklin Roosevelt in 1944. But without that trial by fire, he could never have fully qualified as the best-loved Democrat, as the symbol of the Democratic mutual-security pact.

He went back to his job of Senate majority leader to bear an increasing personal burden. Dorothy Brower Barkley, whom he had married in Tennessee when he was 25 years old, fell ill with heart trouble. As her condition worsened, she required day & night nurses and extensive medical attention. Barkley's finances were exhausted, and he made ends meet by taking on a heavy schedule of out-of-town speeches. After a day's work in the Senate he would fly out of town to deliver a lighthearted speech, pick up a fee ranging from \$300 to \$1,000, and fly home



THE VEEP IN KOREA
One politician remembered.

again during the night to visit briefly with the dying Mrs. Barkley, then report again for his daytime work in the Senate. Mrs. Barkley died in 1947.

The Omnipresent Veep. After Barkley's loyal party service as majority leader, people began to understand him better. On television, Harry Truman saw Barkley energize the hate-filled 1948 Democratic National Convention with a keynote speech, immediately agreed that Barkley should be the candidate for Vice President. During the 1948 campaign Barkley tramped through 36 states (230 speeches), spreading a subtle reminder that the voters should be grateful for past Democratic favors. His favorite story was woven around Abron McGoy, his 200-lb. Negro hired man. Allegedly, Abron told Barkley he was going to vote for Dewey. "Why?" asked Barkley. "Well, suh," said Abron, "I voted Republican in

'40 and '44 and I ain't never had it so good."

When he was elected, Barkley loved to tell about the man who raised two fine boys: "One went to sea and the other was elected Vice President, and the father never heard of either of them again." But Barkley made himself one of the best-known Vice Presidents in history. His grandchildren tagged him "the Veep," a national title that delighted the headline writers. And in 1949 the headlines followed hot on the Veep's coattails as he courted and won the winsome Widow Hadley of St. Louis, and took her home to Washington and Paducah.

Jane Barkley kept a sharp eye on the Veep's health, shorted him on his favorite hog jowl & turnip greens, and talked him into more salads, fruit and a slendering waistline. He still carries his railsplitter's shoulders as upright as a general, still has all his own teeth. Only his eyes are a problem: he can barely see without his thick-lensed glasses. Recently he came out of a successful operation for cataract and cracked to Pittsburgh's Mayor David Lawrence: "You know I can see through a brick wall. The girls had better start wearing heavier clothes."

Last November the Barkleys flew off to Korea to eat Thanksgiving dinner with the G.I.s. The politicians back home got to believing that this was a forgotten war," said the Veep, "so I told the President he shouldn't come over, but I had some free time." Later, he moved up to the front, lived out of a mess kit, autographed a 105-mm. shell, and celebrated his 74th birthday.

A Reassuring Sight. As the Democrats met in Chicago, this week, they welcomed Barkley's cheery grin, they welcomed his forty years of experience—but not enough of them welcomed his candidacy for President. They know that no team they could put together would match Eisenhower & Nixon in sheer popular appeal. But they also knew that they would have to face the cry that they were a party too long in power and they did not want to face that with a 74-year-old candidate.

Party strategists agreed that they must fight the election on their record of the past 20 years and on their platform. Carefully they martialed the statistics on the nation's advances since 1932—counting up improvements in homes, health, prosperity, reclamation, and anything else that seemed appropriate.

They plan, as usual, to appeal to all groups and all viewpoints, to reconcile the irreconcilable and pat the incompatible. As Ellis Arnall has written: "The Democrats keep a candle burning in the window." Perhaps it is no less bright because these days the candle is borrowed and burning at both ends.

When it comes to holding that candle aloft, there are few better men than Barkley. Old Alben is pretty sure to take the stump for a younger champion, telling fables of Paducah, reminding the party of the horrors of being out of power, and spreading love, love, love.

* The letter, written to Barkley as acting majority leader immediately after the death of Majority Leader Joe Robinson, was Roosevelt's last-gasp effort to revive his Supreme Court packing bill in Congress. By addressing "Dear Alben," Roosevelt indicated his preference for Barkley over a powerful rival for the leadership, Mississippi's Pat Harrison. Barkley squeaked into the job by a vote of 38-37.

PRIMARIES

New Lease

Virginia's conservative Senator Harry Flood Byrd, 65, has controlled his state for 27 years—ever since he won the governorship back in 1925 and wrested control of the rural Democratic machine from Bishop James Cannon Jr., chairman of the Board of Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Since World War II the Senator has had a lot of criticism and competition. In 1946, a Richmond lawyer named Martin A. Hutchinson ran up a startling 82,000 votes (against Byrd's 142,000) in the senatorial primary; in 1949, well-born Colonel Francis Pickens Miller, a 57-year-old state legislator and ex-SHAFF staff officer, gave the Byrd forces a rousing fight in the race for governor.

When Colonel Miller filed against him in the senatorial primary this year, Harry Byrd set out to regain lost ground—particularly in cities like Norfolk and Richmond, which have expanded and become more liberal since the war. He waged the most energetic campaign of his life, bitterly attacked Harry Truman, and denounced Miller both as a Trumanite and (almost as appalling) a former Rhodes Scholar. When the vote for 1,691 of 1,783 precincts was in last week, Byrd had run up a lead of 87,000—the biggest contested primary margin in Virginia's history.

REPUBLICANS

To Be Done: Homework

The nominee settled down last week in a three-room log cabin in the Rocky Mountains. Seventy-two miles northwest of Denver and two miles from a paved road, Dwight Eisenhower fished for trout, made flapjacks and did some thinking.

Some thinking was needed. The wisest of Ike's supporters know that he will have to improve his performance if he is to stall the Democratic machine in November as he ditched the Taft vehicle in July. Once the campaign gets rolling in September, Ike may not have much time for thought. Between now & then, Ike can win or lose his battle depending on his ability to dredge up a convincing campaign out of his own wide experience and his own deep convictions.

He Must "Know." Ike loves meeting people, talking to them, hearing what they have to say. He is much less enthusiastic about long hours of reading, study and concentrated thought.

When he said "I don't know" at his first press conference in Abilene, it was a refreshing answer in a political atmosphere smogged with panaceas. But from now on, as the party's nominee, he cannot say that he doesn't have any prescription for Korea, that he doesn't know much about farm problems or, in fact, that he "doesn't know" about any important issue. Now, he must know.

Knowing should improve the Eisenhower speeches, which have been marred by too many hollow notes, too many

platitudes, too many superficialities. The difficulty lies not in speech writing, but in speech thinking—in the content of the speeches. Good speech writers can help a candidate to say what he wants to say; only the candidate can find out what he wants to say.

The pre-convention campaign left no doubt about Eisenhower's fundamental political convictions or about the political effectiveness of his personality. Between conviction and personality, however, lies the wide gap that Candidate Eisenhower must fill with program, argument, and decision on practical issues.

Ike cannot repeat the kind of omission which marked his Detroit speech: in one of the nation's greatest industrial centers, he did not mention labor. Ike has to take

been characterized by "strategy" men, not afraid to talk back. He will find that the same kind of staff works in politics.

Ike and his political staff have cut out for them one of the toughest tasks ever to arise in U.S. politics. Voters normally, usually (and naturally), make their decision on the present. Yet no Republican can win an argument that lies wholly within the prosperous present. The weakness of the Democratic Party's position lies in the damage it has done and may still do to the American future. Example: the spirit of individual enterprise has not been destroyed, but in the last 20 years it has certainly been undernourished in a way that may develop later with critical consequences to the republic. The U.S. is certainly not stagnant, but perhaps it



United Press

CANDIDATE & FRIEND
One of the toughest tasks in U.S. politics.

a hard look at the labor-management situation in the U.S. and at Government policy toward same, and he must develop a fairly specific attitude toward what needs to be done or undone.

Staff Position. To be his good right hand, he needs a staff and a chief of staff, the political equivalent of General Alfred M. Gruenther, his brilliant chief of staff at SHAPE. Last week Ike was said to be seeking just such a man. The staff chief would not have to be a skillful political tactician like Herbert Brownell, but rather a man used to dealing primarily in issues. Among the names being mentioned in some Republican councils last week—not necessarily as the top prospect, but as the kind of man who is needed: Minnesota's scholarly Representative Walter Judd. Whoever he picks has to have the stature of a collaborator, not a subordinate. Eisenhower's military staffs have

is missing the greatest opportunity for growth in its history—an opportunity which Candidate Eisenhower must discuss in most specific terms if it is to be made real to the voters.

In foreign policy, the present-future contradiction is even more clear. The Korean war is not a catastrophe in the ordinary politico-military sense; U.S. forces have not been beaten in the field, yet an invitation to future catastrophe lies in the fact that the U.S. Government in Korea (and elsewhere) is involved in a deadly struggle which it does not know how to win. The Democratic Administration is not even actively searching for a solution. Eisenhower must.

To translate the future dangers and opportunities of the U.S. into a campaign will not be easy. The issues are not ready-made. Only the man now fishing for trout can give them their first essential shape.

THE PRESIDENCY

Trapped

Four years ago, on the theory that all men are vulnerable to the sneaky little task forces of the germ world, authorities at the Army's Walter Reed Hospital created a presidential suite on the third floor. It boasts a spacious living room done in pastel green, and is equipped with a fireplace, gold draperies, bookshelves and porcelain figurine table lamps, a bedroom, a kitchen and a sunroom. Nevertheless, Harry Truman, one of the healthiest Presidents in history, simply refused to get sick. Except for a one-week visit by Mohammed Mossadegh last year, the suite remained empty.

One morning last week the doctors finally got their chance. The President woke up feeling poorly, and called for Major General Wallace Graham, his personal physician. Dr. Graham found that he had a low fever, decided he had contracted a mild virus infection—his first illness, beyond simple colds, since becoming President. He was asked to stay in bed. Eyeing the patient, the doctor also decided that it was time to make him hold still for a thorough physical checkup.

The President got up the next day and worked stubbornly at a pile of congressional bills. He did the same thing the day following. But the fever continued, and on the morning after that, shaved, dressed and with a faintly defiant air, he allowed himself to be driven to Walter Reed Hospital.

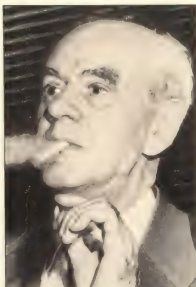
His fever disappeared after the first day. He ate well, slept well, kept trying to whale away at his work, and actually managed to act on 233 bills during his three days in the hospital. But this took some doing. A chest man examined him. An abdomen man examined him. An eye man examined him. So did a heart man. Before he was through, eight different specialists had thumped, pummeled, probed, peered and questioned him.

When he got back to the White House at week's end he told hurrying photographers who awaited him to take their time, take their time—that was all he had had for a week, he said—nothing to do but loaf. He went inside with the look of a man who had decided not to let it happen again.

THE ADMINISTRATION

"Rather Confusing, Isn't It?"

As the seven-week-old steel strike began to paralyze civilian and arms production last week, one Washingtonian suggested a new kind of seizure to end the dispute. Why not seize Presidential Assistant John Steelman and Price Boss Ellis Arnall and ship them back home to Arkansas and Georgia? The idea had some merit. Steelmakers, in the firm belief that they had a promise from Steelman for a \$5.20 boost in prices, had come close to agreement with the union on wages and a form of union shop. Then Steelman withdrew the promise.



Associated Press

MURRAY

The "unholy alliance" was defied.

To drive home the point, Arnall turned down a request by Weirton Steel Co., which has already granted a boost of 16¢ an hour to its nonstriking independent union, for any increase bigger than the \$2.84 the company was entitled to (even before the wage boost) under the Caphart amendment. Said Arnall: This "definitely and completely repudiates, withdraws or reverses" any previous Government promise to the industry. To newsmen, trying to keep up with the giddy on-again, off-again Government offers, Arnall said: "It is rather confusing, isn't it?"

This week, union and management met again as the steel loss to the nation rose to 16 million tons, or 15% of a year's pro-



Associated Press

ACHESON IN BERLIN

The evenings were charming.

duction. After four hours, the meeting ended without a settlement. Before the C.I.O.'s Wage-Policy Committee this week, President Philip Murray defiantly announced that the steel industry had repudiated a strike settlement he had worked out with Bethlehem Steel in June. Cried he: "Nobody is big enough to lick you." The C.I.O., Murray later explained, would not settle for anything less than a full union shop. The committee promptly voted unanimously to continue the steel strike. "The unholy alliance of steel companies wants total surrender by the union . . . [We] pledge to carry on this struggle."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Wish You Were Here . . .

A U.S. traveler last week gave an interesting report on a recent trip to Europe and Latin America.

"In Berlin, there were crowds of people . . . people pushing at me their passports or their travel papers to indicate that they lived in the Eastern Sector of Berlin or in the Soviet Sector somewhere, and asking for a word or something, some expression, some chance to talk with me for a moment or two. One old lady saying that this was something she was going to cherish for months and months . . . that she had spoken to me and that I represented America. . . ."

In Vienna, it was the same. "It was a Sunday, and people were out, either bathing or boating on the Danube or playing games . . . There were great crowds of people . . . sometimes just along the railroad track, at other times at crossroads or little stations or where the train [from the airport] would go through a small village—in all the backyards and up on the roofs of the houses there were masses of people waving handkerchiefs, towels, flags, everything . . . In some little places signs woven out of flowers that said 'Welcome' were put up. You would see in the background some Russian soldiers walking about. But nobody paid any attention. . . ."

As for the evenings, they were "typically Viennese, very charming." First, there was a performance of *The Marriage of Figaro* "in the little theater in the winter palace which had been built by the Emperor."* and it was "beautifully done, exquisitely done. And afterwards, we met the artists and had supper with them."

Next evening, continued the traveler, Chancellor Leopold Figl "had a surprise for us, and the surprise was a performance by the . . . Children's Ballet [of the Vienna Opera]. These little girls . . . put on a most charming and delightful ballet, which was beautifully done."

In Brazil, the most striking things were the "vigor and vitality . . . One knows this, one looks at the map, one reads reports. But to fly over it all day long . . . this just boiling ahead with terrific energy . . . You can be utterly flumoxed. . . ."

The wide-eyed traveler: Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State.

* Joseph I. 1705-11.

DISASTERS

Hand in the Night

From San Francisco to San Diego, thousands of Californians, shaken as though by a giant hand, jumped from their beds, felt the floor move eerily under their bare feet, heard an unearthly jangle of church bells, burglar alarms and shattering window glass at 4:52 a.m. They learned that they had felt the waves of a major earthquake, centering near the little mountain town of Tehachapi, Calif. (pop. 1,685), 75 miles north of Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles, for a few minutes, there was near panic. "It was the first time," said a Hollywood actor, "that I ever saw whitecaps on a swimming pool."

By daylight, the first word from Tehachapi reached the outside world. Telephone lines had broken, and people had had to go miles to put in their calls for help.

With roads closed by landslides, doctors, nurses and medical equipment were flown in by the Air Force, the Navy and the Red Cross. Stunned people huddled in small groups in the streets, fearing another quake. Beds dangled out of two hotels whose walls were shorn away. Families had been torn apart. Sobbed one woman: "God just took the middle right out of my family and left me the two eldest and the two youngest."

There were at least eleven dead. The quake was the most violent (magnitude 7½) since the disastrous San Francisco quake in 1906 (8½).

CRIME

Senseless Killings

Eileen Fahey was blonde, pretty, 18 years old, a secretary and bookkeeper; now she was lying sprawled on the floor beside her desk, dead, with five .22-cal. pistol bullets in her body. To the band of New York homicide detectives who looked down at her last week, all this seemed less startling than her surroundings. The quiet offices of the American Physical Society at Columbia University seemed the most unlikely spot in Manhattan for murder.

Eileen had come to work at 9 o'clock, had found three letters from her boy friend, a young marine serving in Korea. She had opened only one before a secretary in the hall outside heard the pistol which killed her. After a moment a tall, dark-haired man in a grey suit had come hurrying out, the weapon still in his hand. "You'd better call the police," he announced importantly. "Because I just shot somebody. You'd better call a doctor. I just shot a female."

The Questions. With that he had bolted off toward a stairway and had vanished. Who was he? A disappointed lover? An enemy of the girl's family? It was soon obvious that he was neither. Eileen had no enemies. Neither did her family. The young marine was her childhood sweetheart and she had never had another beau. The cops guessed that the killer might never even have seen her before

—he had called her simply a "female?"

But this brought them into a blind alley. Murder without a clue? Perhaps. Murder without a motive? Deputy Chief Inspector James Leggett's instincts refused the idea. Could the killer have been enraged, not at the girl, but at the American Physical Society? The inspector sought out the society's treasurer, Dr. George B. Pegram. The doctor instantly suggested an oddly named suspect: Bayard Pfundtner Peakes, a former member, who had written a crackpot paper entitled "So You Love Physics" in which he argued that there was no such thing as an electron. Peakes had been railing at the society by mail for months for refusing to publish him. His letters had been mailed from six different Boston addresses.

The Answers. Two detectives who set out on his trail found that he lived at none of them. But at one they learned



Boston American-International
BAYARD PFUNDTNER PEAKES
"Yes, I'm the naughty boy."

that Peakes's parents were at Dover-Foxcroft, Me.; by telephone they finally got his Boston address. At 11 o'clock that night they eased themselves into his furnished room, found the murder pistol, then settled down tensely for his return. Peakes was amiable itself when he walked in. He admitted the killing.

He had served in the Air Force and been discharged because of a mental disorder. He had, he said proudly, decided to murder "a lot of physicists" to get publicity for his thesis. But he had found nobody but Eileen. He recalled that she had murmured, "It hurts;" after he fired two bullets, and that, lying on the floor, she had cried, before dying: "Oh, he's unloading the damned thing, and he's going to load it all over again."

Only 63 hours had passed between Eileen Fahey's death and Peakes's confession. As the killer was led through New York's Grand Central Terminal after

being brought back from Boston, he smiled at the curious. "Yes," he said. "I'm the naughty boy."

New York's police solved another senseless murder last week after an attendant at a shooting gallery reported that two boys were trying to sell him a .22 rifle for \$3. The cops arrested the pair—16-year-old Edward Baldwin, 17-year-old Donald Ferrick—and almost immediately got a startling confession. While roaming a Brooklyn park, the boys had decided to shoot a young man who was walking along a shadowed path. One shot, fired by Ferrick, dropped him dead. Not until reading the papers later did they know he was a rabbinical student named Samuel Bernard London. Their reason: to prove they weren't "chicken."

Senseless death struck in San Antonio, too. One Jerry George Adrian, 29, who had come to Texas from a New York mental hospital, got into a cab. After a few blocks he fired five shots into the back of Driver Leo Rios. "God told me to do it," he told the police. "I heard voices. I fought the impulse, but the voice said now or never."

TRANSPORTATION

The Good Driver

Back during the dusty, tire-patching era of the Pope-Hartford and the Apperson Jackrabbit, the average U.S. citizen seldom got behind an automobile wheel without secretly feeling a little like a man climbing aboard a racing camel or a Mallet locomotive. In the years since, he has gone right on believing that only his innate coolness, intelligence and mechanical aptitude have enabled him to remain the master of the gas buggy. But last week Northwestern University's Traffic Institute had news for him.

High-grade morons (with a mental age of between ten and twelve years), said the institute's Research Director James Stannard Baker, make the best automobile drivers. If the moron's eyesight is a little below par, all the better—keeps his mind on the job. "The operation of a motor car," Baker explained, "is too dumb a job to command the attention of those who are particularly bright." And people with sharp eyes are apt to be distracted by shop windows or pretty faces.

On the other hand, "Once the low-mentality motorist is taught to drive properly, he will not deviate from what he has learned." And neither will he be mooning about foreign relations or calculus. Baker was of the opinion that drivers with such "handicaps" as extraordinary vision or high I.Q.s should be warned about them when being licensed.

It seemed at first glance like a cruel blow to the great American ego. But a quick look at the U.S. accident rate seemed certain to restore the national confidence; only a race of geniuses, if the Baker theory was to be believed, could have brought it so high.

NEWS IN PICTURES



DEMOCRATS-IN-CHICAGO, taking over International Amphitheater in steamy stockyards, trundled in portraits of five party

heroes—Presidents Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman—to inspire their convention's 3,304 confused delegates and alternates.



U.N.-IN-MANHATTAN assumed final shape as last \$12 million structure, the sloping, domed General Assembly building (right of

skyscraper secretariat and behind riverfront conference hall) neared Sept. 15 completion, just four years after construction was started.

Staff Photo—N. Y. Herald Tribune



BASTILLE DAY PARADE, rumbling down Champs Elysées, featured columns of U.S.-built 32-ton tanks and 13,000 marchers, tokens

of twelve divisions which France is raising for European defense. This was Parisians' first glimpse of their nation's new NATO army.



"PUSSY CAT" bathing suit, complete with tail, was Paris Designer Arabelle's midsummer dream.



"TEXAS WEEK" on the Riviera featured these models from Dallas' A. Harris & Co. who showed wares at barbecues, nightclubs and a charity auction of oil-well royalties.

WAR IN KOREA

Best Shape Ever

Back in Washington last week after a tour of Korea, Air Force Under Secretary Roswell Gilpatrick announced that after two years of war the Far East Air Forces were in the best shape ever. In Korea, Army Chief of Staff J. Lawton Collins promised that more and heavier air blows would rain on North Korea "if they [the Communists] insist on prolonging the war." Admiral William Fichteler, Chief of Naval Operations who was also in the Pacific, spoke up for the Navy. Fichteler said that two new carrier jets, able to cope with the enemy's MIG-15, are in production, and that soon all the Navy's big carriers would fly only jets.

Up to Strength. Last week nearly a full wing (58 planes) of F-84 Gs (new type Thunderjets belonging to the Strategic Air Command) touched down at a bomber base in central Japan after a leisurely multistop flight over the Pacific in which inflight refueling was successfully used. The F-84 Gs replaced a garrison wing of Thunderjets which went to Korea to fight. From Japan the new planes can reach any target in southern Manchuria, and they are equipped with bomb racks for carrying "tactical" (small) atomic bombs. Official Washington pooch-pooched any notion that the U.S. would use atomic weapons either in Manchuria or in North Korea—but the Communists knew that Washington might change its mind.

By ship, 175 more Thunderjets are being dispatched to Korea. These, plus 75 jets sent from Japan, will increase U.N. fighter strength at the Korean bases by 250 planes. The ten fighter wings on the peninsula, long operating understrength, are all being brought up to full combat strength. General Mark Clark started clamoring for more planes even before he left for Tokyo in May, and he was solidly backed up by his air commander, General O. P. Weyland. The maintenance situation has improved: whereas only 50% to 65% of U.N. planes used to be available for operations on any given day, the figure is now around 95%.

Theories for Scarcity. The U.S. now dominates the North Korean air from the battlefield to the Yalu, and the enemy's MIGs are venturing across the border in much smaller numbers than a few months ago. (This month's jet-combat score: eleven MIGs destroyed, two Sabres lost). Said one U.S. airman: "Last fall we were fighting them within 50 miles of this base. It's nearly 250 miles to the Yalu, and now there's not a single Commie pilot sitting across that goddam river who doesn't know that, if he sticks his nose across it, he's liable to get it shot off. First we drove them back to Pyongyang, then to the Chongchon. Since spring we've kept them penned between the Chongchon and the Yalu. Now any time we want to go to targets on the Yalu, we can go—and

we can go farther if we're ordered to."

The enemy's estimated air strength in Manchuria (1,900 planes, including 800 to 900 jets) has been nearly static for some time, which may indicate that the U.S.S.R. has made its maximum commitment in planes to the Chinese-North-Korean adventure. There are two theories to account for the present scarcity of MIGs south of the Yalu. One is that Soviet instructors are trying to train an all-Chinese pilot force; the other is that the



AIRMAN WEYLAND
"They could hit us once."

enemy is hoarding his strength for an all-out air blow. Says General Weyland: "They could hit us once and they might hurt us. But if they tried to sustain it, they'd lose their air force."

NATO

Two for One

A major headache in organizing the defense of Europe is the sticky problem of who is to boss whom. When Matt Ridgway took over as NATO's supreme commander last spring, all allied fighting forces in southern Europe were under the nominal command of his subordinate, U.S. Admiral Robert B. ("Mick") Carney. Since Carney's land forces were all Italian, an Italian general, Maurizio de Castiglione, who fought under Rommel in North Africa, was appointed to head them. But the fighting men of Turkey and Greece, newly admitted last February to NATO's forces, refused point-blank to take orders from an Italian. The Greeks still resent Italy's jackal invasion of their land in 1940; the sturdy Turks just do not admire Italian soldiering. Britain's Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Vice Admiral Earl Mountbatten, proved equally stuffy

about taking orders from Carney himself. It remained proudly aloof from the whole European command setup.

Last week Ridgway's headquarters solved the Mediterranean land-force muddle by splitting the land command in two: one force (Allied Land Forces Southern Europe) to be commanded by the Italian; the other (Allied Land Forces Southeastern Europe) to be commanded by an American (possible choice: Admiral Carney's able chief of staff, Paratroop Major General James Gavin). Still bobbing becalmed in a command vacuum, however, are Mountbatten's British warships. The U.S. argues that it has more ships in the Mediterranean and more knowledge of carrier tactics; the British say that the Mediterranean has traditionally been their concern, and besides, that the U.S. has already rounded up most of the prize international jobs.

Britain's great sea pride seems to be fighting a losing battle against U.S. demands. "Mark Antony was beaten on the Nile when his attention was divided," warned the *Manchester Guardian*. "Britain ought to give way, even if that does mean placing the Mediterranean fleet under an American..."

RED CROSS

Punishable Eccentricity

Ever since he linked up with the Communists in 1939, Professor André Bonnard has become a sort of Swiss pocket edition of the Red Dean of Canterbury. A son of a wealthy Lausanne family and a respected Greek scholar (his translation of *Antigone* was played last fall at Paris's *Comédie Française*), Professor Bonnard has one eccentricity—he heads the Swiss branch of the Red-run World Peace Partisans. Last week the Swiss Federal Council, Switzerland's national executive body, announced that it regards Professor Bonnard's activities as more than eccentric.

At the instigation of another Communist stooge, France's Frédéric Joliot-Curie, Bonnard had set out to prove that the International Red Cross is actually a "tool of the western powers" and of "Swiss warmongers." It is therefore unfit to investigate Red germ-warfare charges in Korea. Three weeks ago he was all set to take his "evidence" to the East Berlin World Peace Council when the Swiss Federal Police moved in at the Zurich airfield, grabbed his briefcase, and forwarded the contents to a court of inquiry. A government communiqué announced that Bonnard's papers contained "slandorous allegations" designed "to discredit the reputation of the International Red Cross in the eyes of the world." This kind of discrediting, said the government, "constitutes a grave attack on the policy of neutrality of Switzerland and compromises, in consequence, the security of the country." If a court of inquiry finds criminal intent is present, Professor Bonnard can be sentenced to 20 years at hard labor.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Enduring the Public Nuisance

Britain's Defense Minister Lord Alexander was lolling on a front bench reserved for, but seldom occupied by, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who ranks as the first peer of England next to the royal family. There was a sudden stir: Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, was entering the House of Lords. With the embarrassed grin of a schoolboy, Old Soldier Alexander leaped to his feet and clambered clumsily over four other lords to his proper seat. Britain's prime minister smiled graciously and took his place.

He had come to discuss the antics of the Red Dean of Canterbury, who returned from Communist China with tall Canterbury Tales, including one about Chinese schoolchildren with chopsticks picking up American-sown germs. All Britain was roused by the latest irresponsible utterances of the pro-Communist Hewlett Johnson, 78-year-old Dean of Canterbury Cathedral. The Archbishop's measured words combined a defense of the Dean's tenure with a scathing denunciation of his behavior. "I am particularly affected by the Dean's activity," the Archbishop reminded his peers, "for the reason that many people believe that no Dean of Canterbury could speak in public as he does except as the mouthpiece of the Archbishop . . . Indeed, there are many people on the Continent who believe, oddly enough, that the Archbishop and the Dean are one and the same person."

Blind & Stupid. However, the Archbishop went on, "there are some who, in revulsion from the Dean's utterances, become—dare I say it—as blind, as unreasonable and as stupid about the Dean as the Dean is himself. We should try to help them to escape from that kind of fanatical disease. There is no charge against the Dean because he holds certain political and sociological views . . . he is fully entitled to hold these, however mistaken they may be . . . He has broken no law, civil or ecclesiastical."

Dr. Johnson, the Archbishop continued, "has seriously misused and compromised his office . . . He has lost all sense of the right proportion of things . . . He has allowed himself to be exploited by the managers of the political system which he supports for their own ends . . . [But] he is not an official member of the Communist Party . . . he denies no Christian doctrine.* He sincerely believes that Christian principles of peacemaking and social justice are better applied in Communist countries than they are here. That in itself is no heresy. It may be wildly wrong, but we all have a right to be wrong.

* Sample of the Dean of Canterbury's own test of Christian faith: once, on returning from Moscow, he was asked whether Stalin is a Christian. Replied the Dean: "I didn't ask him, but he was very friendly, and where there is friendship there is Christianity."



Walter Sanders—Life

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
The Dean stays in the pulpit.

"But by throwing himself into what is a partisanship . . . he is inevitably regarded as sharing the atheism on which Communism is based . . . By that inevitable influence, he blurs the Christian witness against atheism, and shocks those who know the suffering and persecutions which Christians have had to bear at the hands of Communists." What then could be done about him? "The church," said Dr. Fisher, "has no power to proceed against the Dean. If he is guilty of unreason and delusion to a remarkable de-



GERALD LASCELLES & BRIDE
The Queen was in her parlor.

gree, these faults do not, short of certifiable lunacy, expose anyone to legal consequences."

Lumping It. Some of Britain's peers, seething with righteous indignation, were for taking action themselves. "We cannot afford to have clowns in gaiters in the Church of England," cried Tory Viscount Hailsham. "The Dean has borne false witness not only against his neighbor but against his country and his country's friends," added aged Liberal Lord Teviot. The Marquess of Salisbury, Leader of the House of Lords, agreed that the church cannot proceed against the Red Dean ("he has not been drunk in the pulpit . . . and he has not been guilty of flagrant immorality"); he considered it "extremely doubtful" whether the state could proceed either.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was not so sure. "There is no limit to the powers of Parliament," he said. "But I personally hope that Parliament would not be so ill-advised as to try to remove the Dean or restrict his freedom of utterance . . . It is a tragedy that the abusers of freedom thereby jeopardize other men's freedom, but it is wisdom to bear with folly and unreason and delusions . . . as a price worth paying to preserve this freedom . . ."

"The Dean is a public nuisance to the church and to the state, but I believe firmly that he is to be endured with such patience as we can command . . ."

In the House of Commons, Winston Churchill gave the state's endorsement to the church's plea. "Free speech carries with it the evil of all foolish, unpleasant and venomous things that are said," declared the Prime Minister, "but on the whole we would rather lump them than do away with it."

Four days later, the Red Dean, with his new freedom, repeated his germ warfare charges from the pulpit of Canterbury Cathedral itself. A handful of Americans in the congregation walked out.

Buzz-Fuzz

London's gossips were hot on the scent of a royal snub. "You notice the Duke of Gloucester wasn't there," said one. "And there wasn't a single member of the royal family in the wedding picture," added another, "except, of course, the Princess Royal, and she had to be—being the groom's mother." "Margaret didn't even bother to wear a new dress," sniffed a third, pointing out (correctly) that the Princess' grey lace had made its debut at Ascot a month before.

The buzzing was caused by the fact that Queen Elizabeth II had abruptly canceled her plan to attend the wedding of her cousin, chunky, auto-racing Gerald Lascelles, 28 (never a royal favorite), to a stage-struck blonde, Angela Estree Lyssod Dowling, 33, daughter of a divorced corset manufacturer.

The Queen's excuse was illness (de-

scribed by her husband as "a temporary and rather violent disturbance"), but gossips, private and professional, were quick to point out that Her Majesty had seemed in excellent health at a royal investiture that very morning, and even halier at a reception for nearly 1,000 in honor of the diplomatic corps the next day.

Whether or not she had snubbed Gerry, the Queen was neither ill nor standoffish two days later when some 7,000 guests swarmed over Buckingham Palace grounds for a garden party. Peers and plain people, a Maltese Boy Scout, a Sikh naval officer, the president of the Mormon Church, a pink-trousered lady from Pakistan and a bearded artist in a bright green suit were just a few of those among whom the Queen strolled, chatting pleasantly and shaking hands at an average of once every 15 seconds. Even a downpour of rain which sent many guests scuttling into the palace failed to deter her. Protected by an umbrella held by a lady-in-waiting, and preceded by a dignified spearhead of ice-breaking courtiers, Queen Elizabeth II went right on doing her democratic duty. "It is all very interesting," murmured a general from the Soviet embassy. "I am here three times now."

FRANCE

The Historical Castle Mob

In the cool, early hours one morning last week, two cars pulled up to a little-used gate at the Duc de Luynes's 3,000-acre estate near Paris. A few blows of a hammer knocked away the rusty padlock; shadowy figures slipped inside, made a beeline for a cellar window in the 17th century chateau, got it open, and climbed through.

Upstairs, they opened more windows as escape hatches behind them, passed by portraits by Van Dyck, paintings by Poussin, frescoes by Ingres. Into the tiny chapel they went, and headed directly for the altar, where two pictures hung: on the right, a small (28 in. by 35 in.) *Infant Jesus*, believed to be a Rubens; on the left, *Angel Playing Violoncello*, attributed to Raphael. Down came the paintings, frames and all. From concealed drawers the thieves took finely wrought vestments and a gold wafer dish. Then out they went, as silently as they had come. Paris newspapers estimated their choosy haul at 50 to 60 million francs (\$142,360 to \$171,430). His missing pictures were not insured, but the Duc de Luynes took it with a shrug. Said he: "What a bore! Just as I was planning to take off for South America."

Police, left without any solid clues, blamed it all on "*Le gang des châteaux historiques*" (the Historical Castle Mob). Fifty-six châteaux have been robbed since 1946, and none of the loot recovered. French police have a wholesome respect for "*le gang's*" professionalism in burglary and taste in art objects. They believe that many wealthy art collectors all over the world may have unwittingly purchased the stolen stuff.

GERMANY

Herr Mac

As the three-car private diesel train pulled out of suburban Mehlem, five miles south of Bonn, a mixed crowd of Germans and Americans cheered the ruddy-faced American waving from a coach window. John J. McCloy, 57, retiring U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, was on his way home after three long years as pro-consul, diplomat and military adviser to the most battered, most divided and most important land in Europe.

In the nature of things, no occupier is beloved by the occupied, but John Jay McCloy, Wall Street lawyer and wartime Assistant Secretary of War, had earned the respect of the Germans. Last week the University of Bonn made him an honorary senator. A group of German



Occupier McCloy

He saw the charm and the perversity.

trade unionists trooped into his Schloss bringing a porcelain figurine for "an understanding friend of the German workers." McCloy went to Berlin to collect an honorary engineering doctorate. Back in Bonn, he attended the 92nd meeting of the Allied High Commission (his British and French colleagues gave him a gold cigarette case). All the time he kept one eye on the *Bundestag* committee which was debating ratification of the German Peace Contract ending the occupation.

Rags to Riches. To most Germans, McCloy's departure, more than the unfinished debate in the *Bundestag*, symbolized occupation's end.* As he prepared to leave, allied troops, who used to ride free on German trains and buses, began

paying their way. McCloy himself, the Germans recognized, had done more than any other man to transform the Bonn Republic from the status of a defeated enemy to the role of a needed friend. As the civilian successor to U.S. Military Governor Lucius D. Clay, McCloy injected \$1.15 billion of U.S. economic aid into the emaciated German economy, helped spark the industrial boom which has restored West Germany from rags to comparative riches.

Against considerable opposition, he shopped off \$13 million in counterpart funds to reconstruct "the minds and hearts of the Germans," rebuilt universities, pumped another \$3.5 million into a capital pool which new democratic newspapers could use for buying themselves out from under ex-Nazi owners.

McCloy's toughest assignment was to persuade Chancellor Konrad Adenauer to accept the German Peace Contract and EDC, without which Western Europe would not trust the Germans with arms. When war broke out in Korea, the Pentagon called him home and announced that it wanted a German army within six months. McCloy said no; the development must be slower, else European unity would be imperiled. For weeks of table-thumping debate, McCloy and his sly, dry wit seemed to be everywhere at once: chivvying nervous Frenchmen who feared German rearmament, rebuking truculent Germans who seemed always to want more.

Yet, eager as he was for *Bundestag* ratification of both treaties, McCloy refused to truckle to German nationalism. To a delegation of nationalist deputies who demanded the release of all Nazi war criminals, he snapped: "If you think I would buy ratification with war criminals, you're very wrong . . ." Last week replying to Konrad Adenauer's farewell toast, McCloy remarked: "After what we went through [in negotiating the Peace Contract], how can I ever forget either the charm or the perversity of you Germans?" He leaves Germany with the job of ratification still undone, and by no means convinced that Germany is sure-footed on the road to healthy democracy.

Enemy to Friend. German Socialists found the dour lawyer a hard man to con. McCloy regarded their fiery leader, demagogic Kurt Schumacher, as a wreck of European unity (though he also assured the U.S. Senate that Schumacher is a genuine democrat). Yet last week the Socialists, too, sent a delegation to wish him goodspeed, and one of them, speaking of EDC, whispered in his ear: "You don't have to worry about us, Herr Mac."

The man who would have to worry was Herr Mac's successor: 56-year-old Walter J. Donnelly, the son of a Connecticut policeman, and a career diplomat who worked his way up through six Latin American embassies. Donnelly was switched to Bonn last week from his post as U.S. Ambassador (and High Commissioner) to Austria. His good manners and good sense, and his forceful handling of

* Locally, occupation will continue until the European Defense Community (EDC) and the German Peace Contract have been ratified by all signatory powers. The U.S. Senate ratified the Peace Contract three weeks ago.



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- ✓ Inflate all tires to proper recommended hot-weather pressure.



Thomas Paine on equality of rights

Rights are not gifts from one man to another,
nor from one class of men to another....

It is impossible to discover any origin of rights
otherwise than in the origin of man;
it consequently follows that rights appertain to man
in right of his existence, and must therefore
be equal to every man.

**The principle of an equality
of rights is clear simple.**

Every man can understand it, and it is by
understanding his rights that he learns his duties;
for where the rights of men are equal, every man must
finally see the necessity of protecting the rights of others
as the most effectual security for his own.

(On First Principles of Government, 1793)

Great Ideas of Western Man. ONE OF A SERIES



Container Corporation of America

Artist: herbert hayes



Kurt Paul Klagsbrunn
WALTER J. DONNELLY
Off with the fetters.

Communist intrigues in Vienna, have prompted the State Department to label Donnelly "just about the best foreign service officer in the business." Donnelly will need all his tact and firmness to cope with the Germans as they shed the fetters of occupation. Only last week in Bonn's daily *General Anzeiger*, a hardware dealer advertised for a truck driver, but added bluntly: "Former employees of occupation forces need not apply."

Nazis in the Woodpile

After Hitler's fall, the German Foreign Office moved from Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse to a two-story barracks in Bonn, but many critics complained that ideologically, at least, the Foreign Office had not moved far enough. Cried the Bavarian radio last March: "The proportion of Nazi Party members in the present Foreign Office is now higher than it was during the Nazi regime . . . The Foreign Office is a rat's nest . . ." The Bavarian radio charged that 85% of the top personnel were Nazis. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer (who is his own Foreign Minister) did not help matters much by replying meticulously that the correct percentage of Nazis was not 85% but 65%. Nine months ago, an angry Bundestag committee, composed of members of all the major parties, took off on its own to hunt the Nazis in the Foreign Office woodpile.

Last week the Bundestag committee reported back: the search had been pleasantly disappointing. Of the 21 top Foreign Office staffers investigated, only four had records bad enough to warrant discharge. ¶ Curt Heinburg, economic counselor, had served as a chief in the political division under Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop. He had worked on the "solution of the Jewish problem in Serbia," i.e., had helped deport Jews to slave labor, concentration camps, or death. He resigned after the investigations began.

¶ Werner von Grundherr, Bonn's Ambassador to Greece, had also served Ribbentrop as chief of the Scandinavian desk, and directed the roundup of Denmark's Jews. Ironically, Grundherr, a *Juncker*, never made the grade as a Nazi Party member; the Nazis rejected his application. He also has already resigned.

¶ Herbert Dittman, chief of Bonn's Foreign Office personnel, also did the same kind of work for Ribbentrop. Resigned for his "health" in May.

¶ Werner von Barga, member of the Bonn Foreign Office legal staff, with ambassadorial rank, had served as Nazi minister to Belgium, where he helped to round up the Jews, later went to Paris as chargé d'affaires, where he did nothing to prevent the shooting of hostages. Suspended.

The committee provisionally cleared another seven of the 21 for limited service. It gave them tentative black marks for questionable backgrounds but said they could continue to work in the Foreign Office provided they did not represent Bonn in foreign countries, or serve in the personnel section where they were often guilty of "a certain narrowness" in preferring experienced diplomats, even if the diplomats had once served Hitler.

Clean bills went to ten of the 21. Among them: the highest-ranking ex-Nazi in the Bonn Foreign Office, Herbert Blankenhorn, who now heads the political division. Said the committee: Blankenhorn had been a Nazi all right, but his party membership was purely formal and was far overshadowed by his participation in the July 20, 1944 plot against Hitler.

In a Renaissance palace at Karlsruhe, seat of West Germany's Federal Constitutional Court, the neo-Nazi Socialist Reich Party suffered a major legal setback. For two weeks, while the government attacked as unconstitutional the anti-Semitic, Hitler-venerating SRP (*TIME*, May 21, 1951), the defendants—like Communists on trial in the U.S.—were alternately defiantly silent or deliberately long-winded, smirked, refused to testify, and contemptuously egged on demonstrators outside the court. Last week, as the government concluded its case, Court President Doktor Hermann Höpker-Aschoff made an announcement: pending the court's decision (not expected before fall), the neo-Nazi SRP was specifically enjoined from all public or propaganda activity. This extended all the way from holding election rallies to publishing newspapers to singing songs. Penalty for violations: a minimum of six months in jail.

The Chancellor's Visit

West Berliners lined the curbs last week and shouted "*Hoch*" at a long-absent face. After three years as West Germany's Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer was finally visiting his country's most exposed outpost, and it was high time. His absence had become a notable political fact, exploited by the Reds. For West Berlin does not even have the right to be represented

in West Germany's *Bundestag*, and sends only observers. Metropolitan Berliners sneer at Adenauer's capital of Bonn, which they call *Bundesdorf* (capital village) and believe that comfortably safe Bonn has forgotten endangered Berlin.

Adenauer's trip went far to make up for the neglect. Speaking to 4,000 workers amidst a jungle of insulators, transformers and generators in the huge yard of the Siemens electric plant in the British sector, he extended not high compliments but a specific promise "to make living tolerable for you, to give you confidence that . . . your economic situation will be such that you can survive this time of trial."

Adenauer's program: 1) a special department to channel government purchasing to Berlin, 2) special lower taxes for Berlin manufacturers, 3) 20 million marks for unemployment relief, some 35 million more in housing credits.

Said the mollified *Berlin Kurier*: "The situation remains serious, but it will be easier to bear now." As Adenauer waved farewell from the steps of the Rathaus after seven hours in Berlin, voices shouted: "Come back some time."

SOUTH AFRICA

Justice Takes Its Course

South Africa's Nationalist government long ago decided that liberty is for white men only. Last week it tightened the definition by serving notice that personal liberty applies only to those white South Africans whom its ministers happen to like.

One of the whites whom Nationalist Minister of Justice Charles Swart happens to dislike is valuable little Emil Solomon ("Solly") Sachs, 50, former secretary of Johannesburg's militantly anti-Communist Garment Workers' Union. Solly's principal crime in the minister's eyes is that his union has a mixed membership of



SOLLY SACHS
On with the tyranny.

Keystone

Boer women, Negroes and half-caste girls. Last spring the minister used his powers under the Nationalists' all-embracing Suppression of Communism Act to boot Solly out of his job in the Garment Workers' Union. Last week he hauled Sachs before a Johannesburg magistrate's court on charges of attending a meeting of his own trade union which, in the minister's opinion, "might have furthered the ends of Communism."

The trial was a farce. Swart offered no evidence, largely because he had none: Sachs was expelled from the Communist Party in 1931 because he wasn't sufficiently "revolutionary," and only recently in South Africa's supreme court he won \$9,000 damages from a Nationalist newspaper which alleged that he was a "concealed Communist." Said the influential Johannesburg *Star*: "Sachs must be the only person in the country to have a supreme-court ruling that he isn't a Communist."

But Johannesburg Magistrate Edward George Halse knew better than to thwart Swart. Sachs was guilty, he ruled, because under the Suppression of Communism Act, a man is legally a Communist if the Minister of Justice merely says he is. Halse admitted that the minister's power is "wide and drastic, and must make serious inroads on liberty." Notwithstanding, he sentenced Solly Sachs to six months in jail.

YUGOSLAVIA

Frying Pan to Fire

Last October, after three years of yearning and scheming, Pilot Ivan Kavic of the Yugoslav airlines loaded his wife and young son aboard his plane. Determined to make a new life in the free air of Switzerland, he forced his copilot at pistol point to fly to Zurich (TIME, Oct. 29). Tito's Communist government demanded Kavic's extradition; the Swiss would not yield him up. Free to do as he liked, Kavic tried for a job as a pilot on several European airlines. He was turned down. He asked for a copilot's berth. No luck. After trying unsuccessfully to land even a mechanic's job, Kavic finally settled down as a car washer in a Zurich garage.

This was not the way pretty, young Mrs. Kavic had thought of freedom. In the single furnished room where she tried to make do on her husband's meager pay, family spats became more & more frequent. "We had it better back home in Yugoslavia," Mrs. Kavic complained to the neighbors. If the neighbors were not entirely convinced, Mrs. Kavic was. Last fortnight she bade her husband goodbye, took her son, boarded a plane and flew back to Belgrade.

Last week, abandoned and disillusioned, Ivan Kavic took another plane and flew off—to Communist Czechoslovakia. "I never regarded my stay in Switzerland as definitive," said the refugee from Tito's frying pan as he left for Stalin's fire. "I only left Yugoslavia because it was too fascist."



QAVAM
The hour of the fox . . .

IRAN

Blood in the Streets

One hot and breezeless afternoon last week, Mohammed Mossadeq's advisers sat around the boss's iron cot on the balcony of his yellow brick house in Teheran. They had gathered to face the facts: the country was disintegrating economically and politically. Husky Firebrand Hussein Makki spoke up: "My dear *Pishva* [leader], unless you control the army, you will have no security." The group agreed that the *Pishva* should ask the Shah for control of the army.

A few days later, 72-year-old Mossadeq faced 32-year-old Shah Mohammed



MULLAH KASHANI
... was the time of the assassin.

Reza Pahlavi, Iran's well-meaning but weak monarch. He began naming the ministers for his new cabinet (TIME, July 21). "What about the War Minister?" the Shah asked. Replied Mossadeq: "I will take charge of the War Ministry, Sir."

The Hard Institution. The Shah frowned. He knew that his 140,000-man army, poorly equipped, indifferently disciplined and mottled with disaffection, was not much. But it was all that stood between him and the Mossadeq gang—the National Frontists, the religious extremists, the street mobsters. Said the Shah carefully: "The army is a hard institution to run. I think that a general enjoying my fullest confidence should be nominated."

After four hours of polite wrangling, Mossadeq hurried home, then wrote the Shah: "It is better that the next government should be organized by another person who has your confidence." He added a veiled warning: "In the actual situation, it is not possible for the Iranian people to be victorious in the struggle which it has begun."

Thus, 15 months after he took power promising his people "comfort and ease," the great nationalist departed, leaving his country richer in pride and poorer in power and pocketbook. He had cut off Iran's nose to spite its face. Deprived of \$100 million a year in direct and indirect revenues from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., unable to sell its oil abroad, Iran's treasury was running into the red at a \$10 million-a-month clip. Mossadeq's policies were bankrupt, and Iran was nearly so.

The Old Fox. The young Shah called for the old fox of Iranian politics to take over. The fox, who had been waiting a long time, hounded in. Eightyish and four times Premier, Ahmed Qavam, a multimillionaire, is tough, ambitious and intrigue-loving. But in his own cynical way he is also an Iranian patriot. Qavam issued a hard-hitting manifesto: "The pilot has taken a new course. God help those who try to sabotage my reform endeavors." He announced he would try to solve the oil crisis in friendly talks with the British.

That did it. Nationalists poured into the streets of Teheran and Ahadan yelling: "Death to Qavam the traitor." They postured before the soldiers screaming: "Pierce our breasts with your bayonets." Mullah Kashani, whose spiritual followers murdered moderate Premier Ali Razmara in 1951, told newsmen that Qavam would also be "eliminated."

Qavam replied by sending truckloads of troops roaring through the streets and imposing a curfew. But rioting spread; soon 20 people lay dead. Others made battle banners out of white cloths dipped in the blood of the wounded. They threw themselves before Sherman tanks and pleaded with the soldiers to come over to their side. Teheran began to look like a city gripped by revolution.

After four days in office, old Qavam resigned. Impulsively, fanatically, Iran resumed its march toward chaos.

PROGRESS ON FORMOSA

Visitors arriving at Taipei, capital of Formosa, are presented with an illustrated booklet, compliments of the Nationalist government. The booklet explains Nationalist policy: "It is vital for us to do well in Taiwan [Chinese name for Formosa]. It is not only a desirable end in itself; it is also the basis of hope for an eventual return to the mainland." It is now 30 months since the Nationalists were hurled out of China. Last week TIME's Hong Kong Bureau Chief Robert Neville, after a tour of Formosa, reported on how the Nationalists are doing there:

THE Nationalists' accomplishments in Formosa fall somewhat short of miracles, but they are very real. The Nationalist administration, though still top-heavy, has been subject to constant overhauling, until today it is an honest and efficient instrument of government.

Gone are the days when high military commanders could write drafts which the treasury had to honor—usually by turning the printing press a few more times. The Nationalists' budget, 37% in the red in 1950, is now close to balancing. Six months ago, one U.S. dollar would buy 30 or more Formosan dollars on the Hong Kong free market; today's rate is around 22.

For the first time in the history of modern China, taxes are levied and collected equitably. The native Formosans, once resenting the intrusion of the Nationalists, have become loyal to Chiang. Last winter, 12,000 young islanders were drafted into the Nationalist army without complaints or repercussions. Formosa's local government, under able Nationalist Administrator K. C. Wu, has become, in the opinion of Americans in Taipei, the soul of rectitude.

The Leader. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang resent the notion that they are living in exile. Taipei, they insist, is simply the provisional capital of China, just as Chungking was during World War II. Although Chiang's vast domain has shrunk to a mere 14,000 square miles, his icy dignity has, if anything, increased. Nobody is now, or ever was, on back-slapping terms with Chiang. At 65, he lives a Spartan life, eats sparingly, and neither drinks nor smokes.

Chiang, member of the Methodist Church since his conversion to Christianity in 1930, rises at daybreak, and before breakfast will have said his prayers and spent a half-hour in meditation, usually with Madame Chiang, in his private chapel. When interviewers ask the inevitable question about returning to the mainland, Madame Chiang answers: "With faith, there is nothing in the world that cannot be accomplished."

The Troops. The Gimo's chief interest remains where it always was—with his fighting men. Statistically, the Nationalists claim an army of 600,000 men; actually, they can muster no more than 150,000 combat-worthy soldiers, organized in twelve divisions. Man for man, the Nationalist troops are in a fine state of training, well-fed, well-clothed and as pugnacious as terriers. U.S. military observers here are sure that they would give an excellent account of themselves if the Reds attacked Formosa. But at present, and certainly for the next year, the decisive factor in the defense of Free China must remain the U.S. Seventh Fleet, patrolling Formosa Strait.

Speculation about Chiang invading the mainland, however, does the Nationalists disservice, and the expression, "Take the wraps off Chiang," disregards the long, hard period of training, the uphill fight for equipment and most of all, the growing military might of the Chinese Reds. An entirely new element has been added to the military situation during the past year: the acquisition by the Reds of a modern, jet-propelled air force. U.S. officers with long experience in Formosa will tell you that

morale in the Nationalist air force has very understandably dropped, now that the pilots feel they are flying obsolete planes (U.S. Mustangs, Lightnings, etc.) which would have no chance against Mao's Russian-built MIGs.

On the whole, however, the Chinese Nationalists have regained their confidence to the point where they are now almost cocky. They are fairly certain that, come what may, there will be no international deal to turn Formosa over to the Reds. Generally, they are not notably grateful to the U.S. "They think we are aiding them only because it's in our own interest to aid them," said an American officer. The Chinese not only have long memories, but are notoriously unsentimental. Perhaps it's just as well that U.S. aid to Formosa should be put on the hard-headed basis of mutual self-interest.

Things Are Humming. Around the island, the impression is unmistakable that things are humming. Warehouses are being repaired, repainted and rebuilt in almost every town. Formosa's textile industry (100,000 spindles) now produces half the islanders' clothing needs. But the most impressive and certainly the most vital improvement has been in rice production. Not only has this small island (an area about equal to Massachusetts and Connecticut combined) fed its own rapidly growing population as well as 2,000,000 Nationalist refugees; it has also kept up its rice exports to Japan, the Nationalists' main source of foreign exchange. No one in Formosa suffers from the Orient's oldest disease: starvation.

The Nationalists' three-pronged agrarian reform program has been largely responsible for faster harvests. Stage 1 reduced the rents of all tenant farmers from 50% of their cash crop to 37.5%. This has meant a big increase in farm incomes, which in turn has produced a spate of what the islanders now call "37.5% homes" and "37.5% brides."

Stage 2 was the sale, at equitable prices, of the vast public lands once owned by the Japanese. The third stage will be inaugurated next Jan. 1; it will chop up the big estates into individual peasant holdings of not more than two hectares (five acres) of rice-growing land per head. The Nationalists frankly think their land distribution will take the wind out of Mao Tse-tung's agrarian reform sails.

Proper Perspective. This overall improvement needs to be put in proper perspective. First of all, Formosa is infinitely more manageable than the huge mainland. It was already, as a result of 51 years of Japanese rule, much more highly developed than any similar area on the mainland. Formosa's good macadam roads, its efficient railroad system, its fine harbors and its admirable school system, which has given the island's population a literacy rate approaching 80%—all these things have been kept up and in some cases improved by the Nationalists.

Nor would Formosa's improvement have been possible without U.S. economic aid, which, not counting military expenditures, is now running at roughly \$100 million annually—certainly a large sum to spend on a small island with a population of 9,000,000.

Unfortunately, the Nationalists' political and military progress has lagged behind economic improvements. Chiang's propaganda to the Chinese mainland, like U.S. propaganda, simply does not ring the bell. And Formosa retains too rigid a state atmosphere to make it a comfortable place for many loyal anti-Communist Chinese.

Yet, when seen against the background of defeat and disgrace which the Nationalists suffered in 1949, and against the lawless tyranny of the Communist-enslaved mainland, Formosa looks good, and it is steadily getting better.



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KOGI WOMEN & CHILD
Sex, or no soup.

Gerardo Reichel-Dolmatoff

Alcolumbre, a 40-year-old Macapá merchant, collected 66 lbs. of gold, worth \$54,000, on loans totaling \$15,000. Young Floriberto Pimentel resigned his job as a government health officer, invested his \$600 savings in medicines and sold them for \$3,000. "One more trip and I can set up my own drugstore," he said.

To Territorial Governor Janary Nunes the gold rush was a disaster. Planters whose workers had deserted them crowded his office to ask who would pick the nuts and collect the rubber. The governor could not help them. He had his own problem: many of his civil servants had turned prospectors. When the fever subsided, the governor said, Amapá would have thousands of men, broke, hungry and stranded in the wilderness.

year-old hag, and then sent out to seek wives.

Since a woman's place in this man's world is to grow and prepare his food, a Kogi man's idea of a good catch is a lass with a work-horse physique. He helps in the fields (sugar cane, turnips, potatoes) as little as he can. He and his wife live in separate conical houses. Daily, the woman cooks a thin soup of vegetables, sets it on a terrace outside her house, where her husband comes to eat. Nights, she lures him to lie down in the fields, threatening to cut off the soup if he refuses. To keep the nagging at a minimum, most Kogi men try to keep their women pregnant.

Once the wife is with child, a Kogi man can throw himself without reserve into the male community's fervid philosophical life. He gathers nightly with other men in a big conical ceremonial house to chew coca leaves and listen to the *máma* extoll the merits of inactivity and incuriosity, the Kogi ideals. The drug dispels the physical and sexual hunger that the Kogi man despises; at his nightly talk fest, he is content.

Reichel-Dolmatoff, turning to psychiatry for an explanation of such behavior says the Kogi man's aversion to sex stems from a cult of love for a world-mother spirit. Kogis think life is only a larger womb than the one from which they sprang, and death only a return to the womb of the great All-Mother. Their aim is to put themselves "in balance" with the All-Mother—mostly by idleness in the uterine universe.

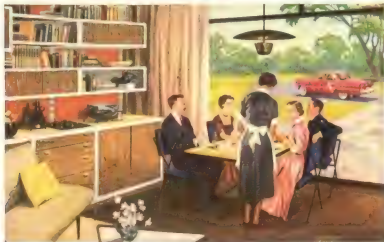
Reichel-Dolmatoff, a six-footer with a blond mustache, is justifiably proud of having gained the Kogis' confidence in four years of close association. Last week after reporting to the foundation, he hurried back to the Santa Marta Mountains for further study and picture-taking among his short, black-eyed friends.

COLOMBIA

Man's World

Out of the Santa Marta Mountains, whose 19,000-ft. snow peaks are a breathtaking sight to tourists on Caribbean cruise ships, an Austrian-born anthropologist brought news of an Indian tribe so cut off that until recently its 2,000 members thought Spanish kings still ruled Colombia. The scientist is Gerardo Reichel-Dolmatoff, 40, working with a grant from New York's Wenner-Gren Foundation. The Indians are the Kogis, perhaps the most remarkable community of aborigines still flourishing on the American continents.

Kogi men, says Reichel-Dolmatoff, loathe sex and shrink from it, an attitude they learn as boys from priests who spend nine years in darkness studying the tribal rituals. The priests, called *mámas*, teach that women are evil—but a necessary evil, because they provide men with food. Thus embittered against women, boys are initiated into a reluctant sexual role by a 60-



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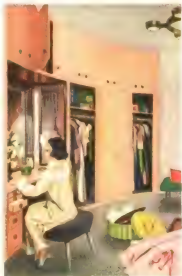
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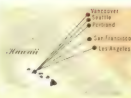
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PEOPLE

New Horizons

After eight months of marriage, **Mari-on Davies**, untime actress and friend of the late **William Randolph Hearst**, filed suit for divorce from her merchant-mariner husband, Capt. Horace Brown. Two days later, Columnist **Hedda Hopper** reported "the strangest reconciliation in Hollywood's history." Brown's story to Hedda: "I don't know why she took me back, because I'm a beast. I bought a monkey as a pet, and the monkey bit her. I pulled the phone out by the roots. I went down to her sister Rose's house and shot out all the lights in her driveway. I pushed her in the swimming pool. I turned the fire hose on her friends when they came to see her, and when they got inside, I let the air out of their tires. I'm a beast." Added Marion: "I took him back. I don't know why. I guess because he's standing right beside me, crying. Thank God we all have a sense of humor."

In Los Angeles, **Mrs. Edith Kermit Roosevelt Barmine**, 24, granddaughter of Teddy Roosevelt, filed suit for divorce from Alexander G. Barmine, ex-Soviet general and diplomat, who turned anti-Communist during the 1937 purge. Her charge: cruelty and non-support.

In Moscow, the Boss's son warmed up with dialectic ballyhoo for Soviet Air Forces Day. Declaring that the Russians had invented the airplane and the helicopter, Lieut. General **Vasily Stalin**, 30, zoomed further into the wild blue yonder. Said he: "How miserable and colorless are the air shows in the capitalist countries . . . On the very face of it, the bourgeois airman, who is both a bandit and a businessman, has little in common with what we call an air festival. Our airman carry life and happiness on their wings . . ."



MAUREEN CONNOLLY
After a tiff, a kiss.

United Press

The Busy Life

After spending a night in a St. Louis jail, **Alben William Barkley Truitt**, 18-year-old grandson of the Vice President, was released to continue his hitchhiking jaunt from a construction job in Alaska to Paducah, Ky. Police had picked him up on a downtown street carrying a loaded .32-cal. pistol. He had found the pistol, said Truitt, and was merely trying to sell it to buy food. The state refused to prosecute, on the grounds that Missouri law permits peaceful interstate travelers to be armed.

In Hollywood, Cinemactress **Zsa Zsa**



Wide World

ZSA ZSA GABOR
For Lautrec, a new model.

Gabor struck a delicately balanced pose in imitation of another famous singer and actress: **Jane Avril**, favorite model of French Artist **Henri Toulouse-Lautrec**. Then she left for Paris to play the part of the poster model in a new movie, *Moulin Rouge*, the life story of Lautrec.

A television commentator in a Philadelphia television studio waited patiently for the appearance of his guest star, Judge **Marceline Romany**, the Puerto Rican delegate who gave the Republican Convention one of its brightest moments. Too late for the program, the missing star was finally discovered. He had gone by mistake to another station, and had been interviewed by a radio commentator there. Said Romany: "I was a little bit confused . . . I'm awfully sorry, honestly. I'm sorry. I'm not used to this."

In a Boston theater, as he started the



United Press

MARION DAVIES & HUSBAND
After the battle, a sense of humor.

second chorus of *The Little White Cloud That Cried*, Sob Singer **Johnnie Ray** discovered that the audience of some 4,000 was crying right along with him. Someone had turned loose some tear gas.

Little Things That Count

In Bethesda Naval Hospital, after an operation for infected sinuses, Senator **Joseph McCarthy** got an astringent convalescent order from his doctor: rest his voice and "refrain from all political utterances for a period of at least six weeks."

In Haverford, Pa., just back with the Wimbledon singles championship, 17-year-old **Maureen** ("Little Mo") **Connolly** walked off with her third straight Pennsylvania & Eastern States title after losing only eleven games in the entire tournament. Asked about the reported tiff with her coach, Eleanor ("Teach") Tennant, she replied: "I am not mad . . . We had a few words in England over my supposedly sore shoulder that never really bothered me, but we kissed and made up. Teach made me what I am today. She changed my entire game, and she'll be my coach as long as I play tennis."

In Chicago, Col. **Robert McCormick** announced that he had received a gift from the Mayor of Cartagena: a stone from the 17th century walls of the Caribbean seaport. The new acquisition brings to 124 the stones he has collected from 48 states, 16 battlefields and 60 other places of "historical significance" and which are now mortared in the fastness of the south wall of the Tribune Tower.

In Albany, Governor **Tom Dewey** announced that he was air-expressing several hundred small-mouth bass fingerlings to **Emperor Bao Dai** of Viet Nam, Indo-China. On his journey to the far Pacific last year, the governor explained, he found that the Emperor had never fished for bass, so Dewey had promised to send enough to stock some native streams.

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**FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH
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SCIENCE

Records Confirmed

Navy Secretary Dan Kimball last week officially confirmed the unofficial guesses that the Navy's famed Douglas D-558-2 Skyrocket had hit a top speed close to 1,300 m.p.h. on its record-breaking flight a year ago (TIME, July 16, 1951). The precise figure: 1,238 m.p.h. The record was made in level flight at the top of the plane's run. The Skyrocket's altitude record, made on another flight: 79,494 ft.

Test Pilot Bill Bridgeman added one other bit of pertinent information: even at his top speed he had needed no special cooling equipment. Said he: "The plane is soaked in cold at 65° below zero [F.], while the B-29 [from which the Skyrocket is dropped] cruises at an altitude of 35,000 ft. So far that has been all the air conditioning I've needed."

Mysterious Trail

Professor Ernest A. Rudge of West Ham Municipal College was on a picnic with his wife near Holyfield, twelve miles northeast of London, when he first noticed the odd, pear-shaped stone. Made of pebbles embedded in sandstone (conglomerate), it looked like a pudding full of raisins. To Archeologist Rudge the stone seemed out of place in that area; there is no native conglomerate within five miles.

Their scientific curiosity aroused, Professor & Mrs. Rudge began scouting the area, soon came across another pudding stone. After questioning villagers and gamekeepers of Epping Forest, they found three more. All five of the stones were in a line, which made it unlikely that they had been left by a glacier or other accident of nature. Here was a mystery to delight any scientist.

Weekend after weekend for three years the Rudges searched for pudding stones. By last week they had found more than 130, leading cross-country through East Anglia toward the northeast. Some marked ancient rights of way that are still in use. Others marked a still-used ford in the Little Ouse river. Many were built into foundations of old Saxon churches.

Grey Lady. The Rudges soon discovered that the country people held pudding stones in a kind of veneration, calling them "growing stones" or "motherstones." Superstitions had gathered around them. In Oxfordshire they were shunned after dark; a weird lady was supposed to sit on them at midnight to comb her grey hair. One stone built into a church carried a strange local legend. A farmer told Mrs. Rudge that the people who built the church brought the pudding stone down from a hill, and three times the devil carried the stone back to its lone hilltop. So the church was built on the hill, and the stone stayed with it.

Inspired by these tales, Dr. & Mrs. Rudge dug into church history. They found that Pope Gregory the Great, in a letter to his missionaries in 601 A.D., told them not to destroy such stones when they

found them in pagan Britain. Instead, he said, they should build their churches upon them, so that the centers of new Christianity might enjoy the prestige of a more ancient faith.

Gregory's priests and their successors seem to have followed the Pope's advice. In Chesham, towards the west in Buckinghamshire, the Rudges found an old church built on 19 pudding stones set in a circle, a sort of primitive Stonehenge (TIME, June 2), and probably much more ancient.

The Evil Place. The Rudges still did not know who set out the mysterious stones, but they doggedly followed the pudding stone trail across eastern England. At last it took them to Grime's Graves in Norfolk, a dark, fir-grown hollow where

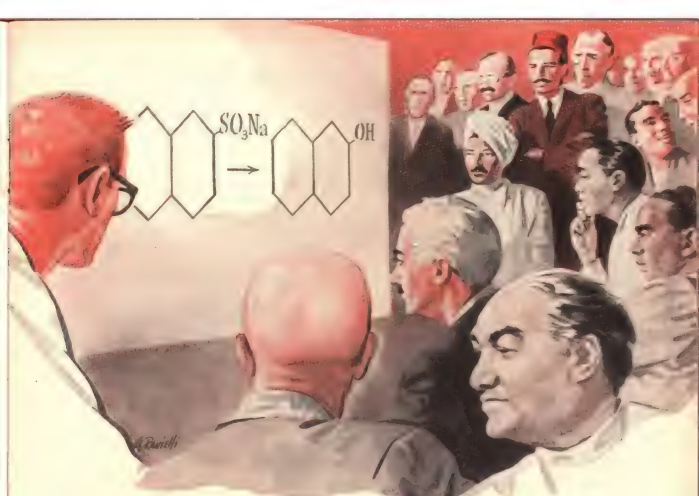


THE RUDGES & PUDDING STONE
Encouraged by the devil.

Stone Age man from earliest times dug flint with staghorn picks. Norfolk country people shun the spot, and call it "the evil place." But for the Rudges, it was the payoff.

Grime's Graves was a center of industry of the Tardenoisian people—a shadowy race who inhabited England some 6,000 years ago. The Rudges believe that the ancient Tardenoisians laid out the pudding stone trail to guide them to their flint mines. The center of their culture may have been the ring of pudding stones now in the foundation of the Chesham church.

The southwestern end of the trail has not yet been found. The known section ends near the Thames at Pangbourne, Berkshire, and it points southwest toward Salisbury Plain and the great ancient ruin of Stonehenge. Perhaps the Stonehenge people built their megalithic temple, like Pope Gregory built his churches, on a still more ancient circle of hallowed pudding stones.



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MUSIC

From the Shoulder

"Georgia," they kept telling her, "you gotta get a sound." Musical soothsayers were trying to get Songstress Georgia Gibbs into line with the latest fashion. Perhaps, they thought, she should sing mechanized duets with herself (like Patti Page), or she might try an echo chamber background (like Peggy Lee). But gimmicks were not Georgia Gibbs's cup of tea. She had a big, old-fashioned voice, a good ear, a vivacious personality, and she knew how to sing from the shoulder. She would stick with plain Georgia Gibbs.

By last week Georgia Gibbs, determined to be just "a meat and potatoes girl," was picking up a handsome payoff. Her gimmickless Mercury recording of *Kiss of Fire* had sold well over 1,000,000 copies, was one of the summer's big hits. She was as surprised as anybody, but there was no doubt about her success: nightclub crowds demand the song in every show; song pluggers dog her footsteps. And another Gibbs record, *So Madly in Love*, is ladder up the bestseller lists.

Her 16 years in show business (several of them spent stooping for Funnymen Hope, Durante, Berle, Kaye) have given Songstress Gibbs a detached sense of criticism. She thinks she can understand the success of a "straight" version of *Kiss of Fire*. For one thing, the arrangement has life, and she takes some of the credit: the music was a familiar old tango. *El Choclo*; she decided the brooding rhythm made it "sound like a dirge," souped it up with a beguine tempo. But she also credits the lyrics. They are not too cheerful ("You record a happy song today, and you lay a bomb"), in fact they are downright masochistic: *Though it burns me and it turns me into ashes, / My whole world craves without your kiss of fire*.

"Let's face it," says Songstress Gibbs. "We're living in a neurotic age."

Yo-Di-Li-O

For jaded music lovers, looking for relief from the cultivated festivals that stipple the map of Europe, the Swiss National Yodel Festival last week was just the right rustic contrast. In the valley city of St. Gall (alt. 2,200 feet) gathered 2,800 apple-cheeked yo-di-li-o experts, the pick of Switzerland. The event was partly a competition, partly just a good chance to have fun.

The yodelers performed singly and in groups, dressing up Swiss songs of summertime and young love with decorative hooting & hollering. Four judges sat and graded them on four points: 1) general



SONGSTRESS GIBBS

Today, a happy song is a bomb.

impression, 2) tone and pronunciation, 3) rhythm and "dynamism," and 4) the purity of their singing as a whole. After two days and two nights of it, the singers stopped and awaited the verdict on their work. Ears ringing, the judges declined to choose a winner. Instead, they gave out little silver buttons classifying the wearers as first class (awarded to 95 of the soloists), good (85), or fair (22). A handful of performers, all of them city dwellers who had taken up yodeling in urban yodel clubs, were judged to have too "cultivated" a style. They drew the crushing verdict "insufficient."

New Records

Except for a single concert in Honolulu last spring (TIME, June 2), Pianist Walter Gieseking has not attempted to play in the U.S. since the unseemly hassle over his Manhattan appearance in 1949. But he is still available on records, as Colum-



Rene Gramblin—Black Star

YODELERS AT ST. GALL

Yesterday, they were functional.

bia emphasized last week with a release of six Gieseking LPs.

Gieseking, a German who plays the French impressionists better than most Frenchmen, devotes four sides to all 24 of the *Preludes* of Debussy (*Girl with the Flaxen Hair*, *Sunken Cathedral*, *General Lavigne—eccentric*, etc.). Their delicate, pastel coloration, slippery sonorities, puckerish humor and technical perfection make these four sides the best of the lot. When Gieseking comes to the otherworldly slow movement of Mozart's *Concerto in A Major* (K. 488), he sounds rather heartless; his Beethoven *G-Major Concerto* is appropriately intimate, but could do with more drive and more clarity of detail.

Other new records:

Bartok: 44 Violin Duets (Victor Aitay and Michael Kuttner; Bartok). Two fine violinists collaborating on some gemlike musical vignettes. Composed partly of authentic folklore (Bartok combed pre-World War I Hungary for native music), partly out of the composer's unerring inventiveness, each brief work has the effect of completeness.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G Major (Badura-Skoda; Vienna Opera Orchestra, Hermann Scherchen conducting; Westminster). Young (25) Viennese Pianist Paul Badura-Skoda plays with the energy and precision that Gieseking lacks in this middle-period Beethoven (it was written in the same year as the *Fifth Symphony*). The recording favors the piano here, but the orchestra sounds full-bodied and well balanced.

Harp Music (Nicanor Zabaleta; Esoteric). Sixteenth century Spanish music of musical as well as archaic charm, and modern French and Spanish pieces, all composed originally for the harp. Zabaleta is a rarity in the flamboyant field of harpists, a miniaturist who specializes in neatness and detail. Recording: lifelike.

Kabalevsky: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 41 (David Oistrakh; State Orchestra of the U.S.S.R., the composer conducting; Vanguard). The best chance yet to hear one of the world's finest fiddlers: his tone has the warmth (but not the sentimentality) of Elman, his technique shades Heifetz. The music bubbles with effortless melody and humor. Recording: clear and immediate.

Mozart: "Coronation" Concerto (K. 537) (Gina Bachauer, New London Orchestra, Alec Sherman conducting; Victor). A composition that has some of Beethoven's grandeur and relentlessness, which is fully realized by Pianist Bachauer. Recording: clear.

Schumann: Dichterliebe: Wolf: Four Songs (Gérard Souzay; Jacqueline Bonneau, pianist; London). Souzay's melting baritone blends intimate crooning and masculine vigor in performances of firm conviction. Recording: mellow.

Schumann: Symphonic Etudes (Edward Kilenyi; Remington). The romantic variations are played rather wilfully, but in the grand manner. The record is engineered well enough to put low-priced Remington in direct competition with more expensive labels.

* Today's bomb is yesterday's turkey, brodie, stinker, flopper.

† The yodel used to be highly functional as one of the best ways of signaling friends in the Alps. Now that they have telephones, the Swiss use their ability mostly to entertain themselves. It still warms their hearts to hoot and hear the sound bounce back.



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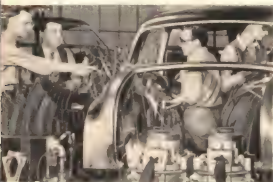
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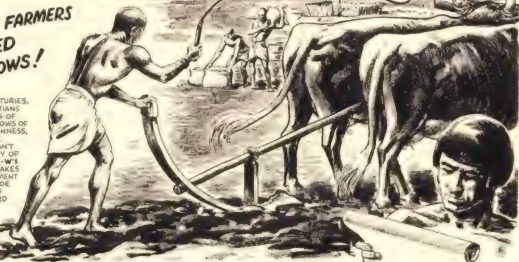
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Science reveals new ingredient for easy shaves

Wonderful substance outdoes lanolin, makes beard softer, lubricates, protects skin—and is available now

For years science has searched for a way to provide a shaving preparation that would enable water to soak into the beard better than soap does and at the same time have a soothing effect on the skin—a characteristic not present in most shaving soap.

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As a result of our findings, The J. B. Williams Company is now offering our Luxury Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin."

We don't wish to make extravagant claims; but we do say that our shaving preparation, through qualities made possible by inclusion of "Extract of Lanolin," will cut to a minimum the skin irritation due to shaving. We're so sure, in fact, that we make you this FREE offer:

Just send us your name and address and we will give you a free guest-size tube of Williams Luxury Lather Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin," enough for 3 weeks' trial. Write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. TG-3, Glastonbury, Conn. (Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.)

RADIO & TELEVISION

Mr. Peepers

In a dull season of summer TV replacements, one new show last week was giving viewers a pleasant tingling in the funny bone. The program: *Mr. Peepers* (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC), a weekly half hour devoted to the mild misadventures of a frail, bespectacled little high-school science teacher, played by Funnyman Wally Cox.

On his first day at Jefferson Junior High, Mr. Peepers wasted no time displaying his talent for creating minor disasters. He gestured with his hat, and promptly had it nailed to the wall by a busy carpenter; he scalped another teacher's toupee with his fork in a cafeteria, prepared to eat it, mumbling "I didn't order a salad." His most recent catastrophe: while manfully trying to retrieve a basketball, he falls into the hoop and gets wedged fast.

"Spare the Leaf Mold . . ." But Teacher Peepers is at his timid zaniest when he goes to the classroom. In his special lecture, "Wake Up Your Sluggish Soil" (published originally in *Petal & Stem*), he concludes: "Spare the leaf mold, spoil the hepatica. Remember, your dirt is the restaurant where your flowers dine." To his students' questions he replies with thoughtful absurdities: "Yes, I think tonsils are useful to some people"; "No, I don't think we know just how fast a dinosaur can run."

Such goings-on, shrewdly and precisely tied together, are mainly the work of Scripter David Swift and Director James Sheldon. But it is 27-year-old Wally Cox himself who gives the show its real flavor. Detroit-born Wally Cox fits naturally into Teacher Peepers' shoes. When he moved to Manhattan in 1942, he enrolled at City College for a botany course. "I was a flower-watcher," he says. "I still am, for that matter, but I found I didn't care how they worked: I just liked to watch them." Then he was drafted into the Army where, Peepers-fashion, he spent four months misclassified as a foot soldier before the Army gave up and discharged him as physically unfit. Cox drifted aimlessly for the next six years, studying basket-weaving, working on farms, in factories and for a silversmith.

The unwanted Rosebush. Finally, says Cox, "I started applying common sense to my pursuits." In 1948, he joined a Greenwich Village dramatics group. It soon folded, but his director encouraged him to go on alone. Cox polished up a few comic monologues, got a nightclub job, was soon working on radio & TV as well.

Now that he is firmly established in show business, Cox is confidently pursuing the urgings of his common sense. He hopes to get his teeth into playwriting, already has completed a script, *Violets Are Blue* (about an unwanted rosebush). Although he is now making \$1,000 a week (roughly 40 times his silversmithing salary), he still lives simply in a Manhattan



WALLY COX
A talent for disaster.

apartment, drives the motorcycle he bought from his friend, Actor Marlon Brando, still patches his trousers with plastic cement. He spends his weekends flower-watching on a newly acquired 2½-acre field in Rockland, N.Y. "Next thing," he says in his timid Peepersish voice, "I think I'll buy me a bunch of cows."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, July 25. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:35 a.m., CBS). Columbia Professor Gilbert Highet and Adrian Conan Doyle discussing *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

Time Capsule (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). A tape-recorded potpourri of life in the U.S., e.g., Harry Truman playing the piano, Will Rogers discussing philosophy.

Inner Sanctum (Sun. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *The Murder Prophet*, with Agnes Moorehead.

TELEVISION

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Christopher Morley's *Advice to the Lovelorn*.

Danger (Tues. 10 p.m., CBS). *A Date at Midnight*, with Joshua Shelley, Cloris Leachman.

Burns & Allen Show (Thurs. 8 p.m., CBS). George & Gracie in a first-rate situation-comedy series.

* For other news of Philosopher Rogers, see CINEMA.



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RELIGION

Luther's Church

On the night of Feb. 27, 1945, R.A.F. bombers made a brief but deadly trip over Worms, Germany. Next morning, when the fires died, little was left of the old Rhineland city. One of the worst casualties among its historic buildings was the 1,100-year-old Magnuskirche, where Martin Luther preached in 1521 when he came to defend his doctrines at the Diet of Worms against the Pope's theologians. German Lutherans have since regarded the Magnuskirche as the world's first Protestant church.

In the first postwar years, Pastor Theodor Distelmann, holding services in the ruins of the Magnuskirche, sadly wondered where the money to rebuild his church would come from. His old friend, Pastor Alfred Hernbrodt, thought he knew a way to get some. In 1949, when the 400-year-old "Luther Elm" on Pastor Hernbrodt's property died, the pastor commissioned a woodcarver to make 30,000 small "Luther roses" and 500 "Luther plaques" out of the tree, which was rich in Lutheran tradition.* Sale of the mementos (plus a recently granted West German government subsidy) should bring in enough to meet rebuilding costs.

Pastor Hernbrodt was touring the U.S.

* Legend relates that two 16th century burghers of Worms were once arguing about the permanence of the new Protestant religion. One contended that Protestantism would soon die. The other, enraged, thrust his walking stick into the ground, shouting, "As certainly as this stick shall take root and grow into a tree, so also will Luther's faith remain." The stick, the story goes, grew into the 120-ft. Luther Elm.



"SINNERS IN HELL": FINAL PANEL OF "THE MILLENNIUM" (DETAIL)
After a religious art of loving, no carnal love?

last week, arranging for the sale of his Luther mementos, already on sale in Germany and Sweden, U.S. price: roses \$1, plaques \$10. In Worms last week, workmen began to build a new Magnuskirche over the ruined Romanesque arches of the old one.

Bosch & the Flesh

One of the great painters of all time was a somber-minded Fleming named Hieronymus Bosch, who lived in 15th century Burgundy. Like other medieval artists, he took most of his themes from religion, executed them for wealthy clerical or lay patrons. No religious artist before or since, however, has seen fit to people his canvases with such a mocking and horrifying mixture of vegetable, animal and mineral monstrosities.

Painter Bosch's versions of Hell are waist-deep in griffins, scarabs, metallic demons with forked tails, sinners whose truncated bodies are pierced by huge swords or impaled on giant musical instruments. Although he had his gentler moments on canvas, his earthly scenes abound in abandoned lovers, tortured sick men and money-loving monks, with a watching demon or two always close at hand. Through them runs a train of almost surrealist symbolism, a cross patch of a witches' Sabbath and a psychoanalyst's nightmare, that has fascinated and baffled five centuries of art critics.

Perfect Love? A German art historian named Wilhelm Fränger is the latest to have a try at unraveling the tangle of Bosch's imagery. In a book recently published, *The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch* (University of Chicago Press; \$10),

he sets forth an original conclusion: Bosch was not an orthodox Christian with a morbid interest in sins of the flesh, but a heretic, whose odd images are "cryptograms" and "hieroglyphs" understandable only to other initiates of his cult.

Almost nothing is known of Bosch's life except that he was a member of a semi-monastic lay community. Critic Fränger, basing his judgment on clues found in the paintings, thinks Bosch was also secretly an Adamite, a member of a sect called "Brethren of the Free Spirit," which found many underground recruits in the late Middle Ages. The Adamites reacted strongly against the church view on unbounded fleshly pleasures. They believed that perfection could be achieved not by ascetic prayer, but by a return to the perfect love of natural man, as typified by Adam and Eve. Sex, in their view, was essentially beautiful, never embarrassing. To emphasize this, they often took off their clothes during their secret rituals.

An Adamite Family. Fränger has devoted his book, the first volume of a series, to an explanation of the famous triptych which Bosch called *The Millennium*, more often known as *The Garden of Early Delights*. Its three panels represent, respectively, Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, a panorama of naked and untrammelled figures disporting themselves in the world outside, and a scene of dark punishment in Hell. Most critics hold this to be a logical sequence of Creation, worldly pleasure and eternal punishment. Fränger disagrees. He believes that Bosch's naked figures represent not lust but "primal innocence." In his view, the artist was portraying an "Adamite family . . . in which unbounded sensual delight and serene chastity hold equal sway."

In the painting, writes Fränger, "Bosch . . . depicted the path of salvation to be found in a religious art of loving . . . and so set up a table of values expressing the idea that Christian faith and a life completely in harmony with Nature could be reconciled with each other." Among his proofs he cites the accompanying scene of Hell, which contains "musicians, gamblers, desecrators of churches, covetous nuns, dissolute priests and murderous knights . . . but not a single adept of carnal love."

Other critics would dispute Fränger's evidence. In the last analysis, whether Bosch was an enthusiastic nature-worshiper or a dour pillar of orthodoxy is a mystery as difficult to interpret as the cracked sphere, the bloated birds or the strange, naked horsemen in his enigmatic paintings.

Benedict's Sanyasis

In a bare mountainside building in the Salem* district of the Indian state of Madras, 35 Indian ascetics live and pray together. In the tradition of the Indian *sanyasis* (holy men), they wear coarse cotton robes dyed a bright saffron. At mealtimes they eat a strict vegetarian diet

* No kin to the world's two dozen or so other Salmes, most of which are named, directly or indirectly, after a Hebrew word for peace.



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of tapioca, rice and lentils. When they chant their prayers, they sit cross-legged on the floor. They wear no shoes or sandals, for Indian custom forbids any footwear inside a holy place.

The 35 *sanyasis* are neither Hindus nor Buddhists; they are Roman Catholic monks—priests and novices—of the Benedictine monastery at Siluvaigiri (Holy Cross Mount). Their superior, Dom Philip Kaipanplakal, 43, has dedicated the community to proving a fact which Western Christians often forget: the Christian message need not always be couched in the style of Christian Europe or America.

Plato's Weakness. As a priest and a member of a family which has been Christian for centuries, Philip Kaipanplakal is forcibly aware of the snail's-pace progress of Indian Christianity (Protestants and Catholics together form about 2½% of India's population). The main reason, as Dom Philip sees it: "Missionaries offer Indians not pure Christianity, but Christianity plus European culture."

Dom Philip himself began as a Carmelite, and his first six years in the order were spent in Belgium and Italy. There he had a chance to sort out the culture from the Christianity. On his return to India in 1936, he began a thorough study of Hindu culture and philosophy, found most of it not incompatible with Christian belief. A basic weakness of his own church's missionary work, he concluded, was that it sought to explain religion in terms derived from Plato and Aristotle. To Indians, with no tradition of Western philosophy behind them, this kind of teaching seemed remote or meaningless.

Carmelite Father Philip decided that the Benedictines, oldest monastic order in the Catholic Church, with their traditions of communal work as well as preaching & teaching, were best fitted for bringing a new understanding of Christianity to India. Five years ago he transferred to the order and started work on the Salem monastery. Then he went to Europe for two years of Benedictine training. This spring, with two Belgian colleagues as advisers, he was able to open the monastery as a full-fledged Benedictine foundation.

Thread for the Bride. The idea of Indianized Christianity is at least 300 years old.* There is nothing in church law to forbid monks' wearing saffron robes or following a vegetarian diet. Ultimately, following the example of Benedictine missionaries in Africa, Dom Philip hopes for permission to recite the liturgy in Hindi, India's official language.

The Benedictines of Salem encourage Indian Christians to keep as much of their native custom as possible, e.g., Christian

* In 1606, Father Robert de' Nobili, an Italian Jesuit in south India, adopted saffron robes and lived like a Hindu holy man. He made converts among high-caste Hindus, but had to fight off the charges of apostasy made against him by literal-minded fellow priests. Similar missionary techniques were used earlier in the century by Jesuits in China, who followed the dress and manners of local Confucian scholars, and by Jesuits in Japan, who modeled their behavior on that of Buddhist priests.



Arch. Rangaswami

DOM PHILIP KAIPANPLAKAL
The Christian message in Hindi.

brides do not wear wedding rings, but tie a thread around their necks as Hindus do. The monastery itself has fitted snugly into the life of the surrounding communities. Local farmers now come there to get medicine for their sick and to look over the Catholic *sanyasis'* agricultural methods. Said one Salem Hindu: "They look more like our type of *sanyasis*. Maybe there's something in their religion." This is the kind of talk that Dom Philip likes to hear. "Christianity," he says, "was not founded by a European."

Group Life

For almost five years the northern Presbyterians (membership: 2,500,000) have been trying to build their new fortnightly *Presbyterian Life* into a journal of wide church appeal. With a \$160,000 annual subsidy from church funds, the editors turned out a newsy, well-written publication which manages to cover developments inside the church without neglecting issues of broader Christian interest, e.g., the Point Four program, the problems of church-state relationships, the persecution of Protestants in Colombia. Until two years ago, however, circulation hung around the 80,000 mark, about par for a religious paper in the U.S. but scarcely what its founders had hoped for.

To increase distribution, the 1950 General Assembly authorized group subscriptions to congregations at \$1 per family (regular subscriptions: \$2). The plan caught on. Subscriptions increased so quickly that the publishers had trouble expanding their circulation staff fast enough. Last week the editors announced that circulation had passed 600,000, to make *Presbyterian Life* far & away the best-selling Protestant religious magazine in the world. Nearest rival: the interdenominational *Christian Herald* (375,000). Among Roman Catholic periodicals, only *Columbia* (circ. 768,000) is larger.

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Hurrahs for a Modest Man

When the London papers of 1891 ran their obituaries on Charles Samuel Keene, only a few connoisseurs marked the passing of a fine Victorian artist. The public knew him mainly as a cartoonist for *Punch*; critics in general, when they thought of him at all, thought of him as an everyday draftsman. Last week, half a century after his death, Britain's Arts Council exhibited nearly 100 of Charles Keene's original drawings, and the hurrahs shook the rafters.

The reproductions in *Punch* had not done Keene justice. Printed from wood blocks, they were dull and crude compared to the pen & ink originals: flustered old gentlemen and ragged urchins done with fine, soft tones and a master's spare line. Moreover, the public never saw the drawings that Keene did as studies for his cartoons. These were hurried little sketches scratched out on scraps of paper and backs of envelopes: dumpy old ladies sitting spraddled with fatigue, a drunken man slumped in a chair, London swells leaning languidly against a bar. Each took but a few skilled lines and shadows to get across the hunch of a shoulder, the gnarled stiffness of old limbs, the suppleness of young ones.

"God Bless You, Sir." Said the *Manchester Guardian*: "Both the beauty of the drawings and the depth of the observation are expressed so quietly that the casual observer may easily overlook them." Said Sir John Rothenstein, director of London's Tate Gallery: "Keene is unquestionably the greatest of the great number of artists thrown up by day-to-day drawings. His drawings are a revelation . . ."

Charles Keene would have blushed at such praise. A shy, quiet man, he lived out his life resigned to the idea that he was merely a plodding pot-boiler. He saw his first signed drawing appear in *Punch* in 1854, and when he died, 37 years and some 3,000 cartoons later, he was still sketching for *Punch* on a piecemeal basis. Only a few experts ever saw his originals, and they became a devoted following. Degas knew of Keene and admired him; so did Van Gogh, who conscientiously clipped his drawings as they appeared in *Punch*. Whistler once said that, with the possible exception of Hogarth, Keene was the greatest artist England had ever produced. Yet Keene never seemed to believe his admirers. He was astounded when a French writer once asked for some material for a book. "As to writing my life story," he replied, "God bless you, sir, I've none to tell. The most stirring incidents in my life are a visit to the dentist (date forgotten) and certain experiences of the last few days."

Meat & Marmalade. Keene's shy modesty colored his whole life. He never married, lived with his mother and sisters, dreading the idea of "stepping out before the public." Though he had offers for etchings and illustrations, he preferred the

ART

rutted comfort of his work with *Punch*.

His studio was a junk shop crammed with knickknacks and props: a stuffed horse without a head, sets of bagpipes which he played screechingly, old costumes strung on clotheslines across the room. Like other lonely men, he kept animals, among them a crow with a broken leg for which he fashioned a wooden one. He liked dashing clothes—rakish caps and velvet jackets—but he never carried a suitcase on trips, instead wore his extra shirts one on top of the other, the collars crammed into his pockets. He smoked stubby black pipes, insisted on apple tart for breakfast, favored charred meat coated with marmalade for lunch, and spent



CHARLES KEENE (SELF-PORTRAIT)

A beauty so quiet, it was casually overlooked.

his evenings walking about London with a majestic, swaggering gait.

His gait (the result of an old leg injury) was the only swaggering thing about Charles Keene. His sole aim in life was to make *Punch* readers laugh, and he was often desperate for jokes to illustrate. When someone offered a good idea, Keene invariably repaid the favor by generously sending him the original drawing. Only in his last years did it occur to him that they might be valuable, and even then he rarely charged for his art.

Up to this summer, Charles Keene's neglected drawings have brought little more than they did while he was alive. London's shops have been selling them for as little as \$15, and the market has been slim. Thanks to the current hat-flinging, the price of Keenes should be moving up.

Ruts & Peaks

Of the hundreds of thousands of U.S. tourists who are swarming across Europe this summer, a great number will visit Venice and ride in a gondola. A few of them will go to see Venice's 26th biennial exhibition, one of the biggest contemporary art shows ever staged. It has been characterized as a cornucopia of riches (more than 3,000 entries from 27 nations), and as a pain in the craning neck. The riches are there, and it takes craning to find them.

Sagging Sloves. As might be expected in so vast a show, 90% of the work slavishly follows fashion. Although Russia & Co. boycotted it, the exhibition sags with samplings of the "social realism" which Mussolini and Hitler favored and Stalin

now finds useful: photographic renderings of put-upon people, marching masses, fighting men and conquerors-over-all. These match in dullness the acres of canvas set to the prevailing wind of abstractionism.

Among the hundreds of contemporary abstractionists showing at Venice, there are a handful of clever artists. Stuart Davis, for one, soups up the American pavilion with designs as piercing and brassy as a Louis Armstrong high note. Lording it over the British pavilion are Graham Sutherland's pictures of what look like livid inrads strung up on brambles. Derived from Picasso's "Tomato Plant Period" of a decade ago, they are equally forceful and unpleasant. (British Critic Sir Kenneth Clark maintains that Sutherland is not really an abstractionist, on the curious ground that he "imitates objects with the most literal reality; only these objects do not usually exist.")

Lifting Lights. The standouts of the show are the few independent painters who highball down the middle of the road, avoiding the easy-riding ruts of sheer abstraction and mere representation. Fifty such men might have lifted the whole exhibition into brilliance; the few who are represented at Venice shine like lights in the prevailing gloom. Three of their works are reproduced opposite.

Duffy's 41 pictures, dating back to 1904, prove for the umpteenth time his vintage quality. Partly crippled by arthritis, as Renoir was, he permits nothing but ease and gaiety to show in his work, the same effect that Renoir always achieved. Hopper's 20 contributions are comparatively dour, and less deft, but their directness and monumentality may help earn him a place in history next to the two great masters of American painting, Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. Max Gubler's 42 paintings turn the Swiss pavilion into a sunlit peak, and assure the reputation of a hitherto little-known artist. "Talent and ideas," says Gubler, "are nothing. The job is to paint what you have seen and what you feel in the only way those things can be expressed." That timeless credo has no truck with fashion.



HOPPER With this bare, brilliant painting, 70-year-old Edward Hopper brought Cape Cod to Venice's great biennial roundup of contemporary art. Painted last year, *Room on the Sea* shows the hand of a master designer, bold enough to give the most hackneyed of subjects an originality

that none of the hundreds of abstractions shown at Venice could surpass. A painstaking perfectionist who seldom finishes more than two or three canvases a year, Hopper invariably sets his sights beyond mere design; in this picture, he has focused on two of the hardest things there are to paint—sunlight and sea.



GUBLER "Light is what the artist sees," says Max Gubler, 54, whose 42 canvases dominated the Swiss pavilion. His *Double Portrait* (of himself and his wife) has the substance of his favorite, Cézanne, and lets light through every chink.



DUFY Awarded top honors at Venice, 75-year-old Raoul Dufy's paintings are brighter than Gubler's, happier than Hopper's and chic as champagne for breakfast. But beneath the surface charm, Dufy's art has a common bond with that of the exhibition's other two standout painters; as *The Studio* demonstrates, he loves light and knows how to trap it in paint.

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From Helsinki, the New York *Herald Tribune's* Sport Columnist Red Smith reported that he wasn't sure whether the Olympic Games were a "sports competition or a collision of political ideologies . . . Because of the presence of the Russians . . . there are a lot of people here who are trying to read political implications into everything concerning the show . . . There are, for example, two schools of thought among the thousand or so newspapermen here. There are sportswriters and there are journalists, and it is easy to recognize a member of either group. The sportswriters have haircuts."

The Death of Amerika

Ever since the State Department launched *Amerika*, a LIFE-like Russian-language picture magazine, in 1945, it has been a thorn in the Communists' side. To remove the thorn, the Soviet government methodically harassed *Amerika*, censoring articles and cutting its circulation—in violation of an agreement with the U.S. to distribute 50,000 copies (*TIME*, June 23). Even so, *Amerika* proved so popular that a lively black market flourished, with copies selling for twice present newsstand price of five rubles (about \$1.25).

Last week, after repeated protests to the Reds, State did what the Russians wanted: it closed up *Amerika*. In retaliation, State ordered the Reds to stop U.S. circulation of the Soviet Embassy's U.S.S.R. *Information Bulletin* and other embassy pamphlets, a meaningless counterblow, since the Reds can print all the propaganda they want to in Manhattan's *Daily Worker* and other Communist publications. Said the New York *Times*: "The suspension of *Amerika* is regrettable because it was the last direct means of giving the Russian people a glimpse of American life and American aims in refutation of Soviet lies. That is . . . the reason why the Soviets wished to keep it out of Russian hands."

The Whole Truth?

What is truth in the news? Many a newsman puts his answer in a handy formula: stick to the facts of speech, hearing or pressagent's handout, let the reader supply his own background information on the story (if he has any) and call it "objective journalism." This week in the *Atlantic Monthly*, ABC Network Commentator Elmer Davis, wartime boss of the OWI and a first-rate newshand himself, takes the formula apart. "Truth has three dimensions," says Davis, yet the "practices of the American news business—practices adopted in a praiseworthy ambition to be objective—too often give us only one-dimensional news, factually accurate as far as it goes, but very far indeed from the whole truth."

Part of the trouble, says Davis, long-time (ten years) political reporter and editorial writer on the New York *Times*, comes from an "overemphasis on speed"

—the rush to be first with the news. But a more basic reason is that U.S. newspapers, pursuing the ideal of "objectivity," "lean over backward so far that it makes the news business merely a transmission belt for pretentious phonies." Most newspapers, says Davis, still cling to the rule that news columns must print only as many sides or facts of an issue as a reporter has found. Interpretation must be kept on the editorial page. But printing the news that way does not help most readers to arrive at the truth. "How many readers have enough personal knowledge to distinguish



ELMER DAVIS
An end to "objectivity"?

fact from fiction, ignorance from knowledge, interest from impartiality" without their paper's help?

One Big Buildup. Even the most competent newspaper editor, says Davis, is often so convinced of the need to be objective that when he spots a "downright misstatement of facts" in a speech, he never follows it with a bracketed insert to the effect that "This simply is not so." If the Honorable John P. Hoozis is an important person, "you [may still] see him quoted at length in newspapers on almost any subject, with no indication that he knew nothing; at all about it . . . To do that would be editorializing, interpreting the news, failing in objectivity. You can do it to Stalin; you could do it to Hitler in his day; but tradition forbids doing it to one of our fellow citizens . . . Failure to make such a correction may save a man's conscience about his loyalty to objectivity. But how about his loyalty to the reader?"

On the propaganda battle of the cold war, objectivity often plays right into the Russians' hands. For example, Davis noted that I.N.S. Correspondent Kingsbury Smith had a worldwide beat when he got answers to a list of questions he had sent

to Stalin. "It has been reported—and, so far as I know not denied, that Kingsbury Smith had been tipped off that Stalin would answer those questions and presumably no others." Stalin's reply was "exactly [what] he would have written to get his propaganda arguments before the world . . . yet American newsmen keep asking Stalin the kind of questions he likes to answer." Even though some papers analyzed Stalin's replies in their editorials, "those editorials were read by far fewer people than saw the statement under big headlines on the front page."

Two Great Gulfs. Davis recognizes the danger that newsmen, in supplying adequate background to their news report, might easily fall into the trap of spreading their own prejudices all over the paper and "one Chicago *Tribune* is enough." Nevertheless, newsmen must do more interpreting. "The good newspaper, the good news broadcaster, must walk a tightrope between two great gulfs—on one side the false objectivity that takes everything at face value and lets the public be imposed on by a charlatan with the most brazen front, on the other the 'interpretive' reporting which fails to draw the line between objective and subjective, between responsible and well-established fact and what the reporter or editor wishes were the fact . . . No wonder that too many fall back on the incontrovertible objective fact that the Honorable John P. Hoozis said, colon, quote—and never mind whether he was lying or not."

Sponged & Expunged

In their gutter-eye view of America, U.S.A. *Confidential*, the New York *Daily Mirror's* Editor Jack Lait and Nightclub Columnist Let Mortimer threw enough mud to bring six libel suits against them (*TIME*, May 19). Biggest of the six was by Dallas' elegant Neiman-Marcus store. It sued for \$7,400,000 on the basis of Lait & Mortimer's statement in the book that "some Neiman models are call girls—the top babes in town . . . Price, a hundred bucks a night. The salesgirls are good, too . . . twenty bucks on the average." Named with Lait & Mortimer were Crown Publishers, Inc. and the American Book-Stratford Press, Inc., the book's printers.

Last week all but Lait & Mortimer agreed to a crow-eating settlement with Neiman-Marcus. It called for 1) letters of apology to every one of the store's 1,500 employees, 2) a guarantee that the offending paragraphs will not be printed in future copies of the book, 3) a cash settlement with the store, 4) a half-page apology "to the highly regarded Neiman-Marcus store and its employees" paid for by the defendants and printed this week as an ad in seven big-city dailies.

Neiman-Marcus will continue to press its suit against Authors Lait & Mortimer. Say the two authors doggedly: "[The others] threw in the sponge and surrendered, [but] we propose to establish the truth of all our assertions . . . We reject and repudiate such an apology . . . We believe [the] suits against U.S.A. *Confidential* are politically inspired . . ."

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Professors' Price

As a college professor, Johns Hopkins' Economist Clarence D. Long is gloomily aware that his earning power has been steadily losing ground in the endless marathon with rising living costs. As a practicing economist, he is also professionally concerned by "this intrinsic inability of the pedagogue to hold his place at the American banquet table."

On Johns Hopkins' well-financed campus, says Economist Long, an average professor earned \$5,700 in 1940. With a salary of \$7,975 today, he gets only \$4,154 in terms of pre-World War II dollars. Says Long: "The decline in purchasing power of 27%—before a single per centum is deducted for income tax—would outrage anybody but a teacher."

The usual explanation for this sad state of affairs is that income from endowments has been dwindling while costs are still going up. But that, says Long, is only part of the answer. "For one thing," he points out in the current issue of the *Johns Hopkins Magazine*, "state universities—which put little reliance on endowments, and in some cases get more money from their legislatures in a single biennium than the entire wealth accumulated by Hopkins since 1875—have pushed up salaries no faster than private institutions." Besides, in the 1940s, with the help of the Federal Government, "the universities took in more purchasing power per teacher but paid him less." The difference was spent on buildings, maintenance and administration—"the physical and bureaucratic aspects of higher learning."

To make matters worse, there has been a general reluctance to raise tuition fees. "At Johns Hopkins, for instance, student fees have gone up in the same proportion as salaries: 45% or half the 90% rise in living cost in Baltimore. . . . Because fees have not kept pace with other economic trends, a bachelor's degree is an outstanding bargain, subsidized in good part by the professor."

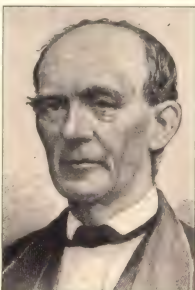
The outlook is dismal, Long concludes, and the problem is almost as old as formal education. Taking note of a similar situation more than 2,000 years ago, the Greek Philosopher Isocrates dourly counseled his colleagues: "They who teach wisdom . . . ought certainly to be wise themselves; but if any man were to sell such a bargain for such a price, he would be convicted of the most evident folly."

Textbook Museum

Somber in his black coat and stovepipe hat, a tall young man slouched in the saddle one fall afternoon in 1826 while his horse ambled into the little village of Oxford, Ohio. Even as he rode he read, and his saddlebags bulged with volumes of Livy and Horace, Ovid and Xenophon. William Holmes McGuffey, newly appointed professor of ancient languages at Oxford's Miami University, was exactly the type of subsidized teacher the fledgling

university wanted. Last week, in a high-ceilinged room of Miami University's Alumni Library, 300 members of the McGuffey Society came to dedicate a museum to the sober scholar (and to his disciple, Miami's late Dean Harvey C. Minnich), who was to become one of the best-known names in U.S. education: the author of McGuffey's famed *Eclectic Readers*.

In his textbooks, McGuffey presented an ambitious package: reading material for children of all ages, a fine anthology of old favorites, and a stern, explicit code of morals. Before they finally faded from U.S. schools in the early 1900s, the six *Eclectic Readers* and the *Eclectic Spelling Book* (edited by Brother Alexander McGuffey) sold some 130 million copies,



Historical Pictures
WILLIAM HOLMES MCGUFFEY
In his saddlebags, Ovid and Xenophon.

probably had more influence on U.S. literary tastes and moral standards than any other book except the Bible.

Last week the members of the McGuffey Society inspected the fruits of nearly half a century's search for McGuffey memorabilia. They examined the octagonal revolving desk at which the *Readers* were written and the statue of the master himself, surrounded by children dressed in roundabouts and pantafoes. The books in the collection, largely gathered by Dean Minnich, ran to nearly 400 editions, including one Japanese translation and some Southern reprints from Reconstruction days.

Loyal McGuffians wound up their celebration with an old-fashioned spelling bee and took part in a recitation contest. Later they discussed the possibilities of someday building an even finer museum. No one was quite sure how it could be done with the society's present dues of 10¢ a month.



Why

is a self-threading needle like a jet engine?



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The Pater

Alumni of Connecticut's Kent School remember a famous function—the night the headmaster sat in for a sick violinist at the prep school's dance. The Rev. Frederick Herbert Sill, priest of the Protestant Episcopal Order of the Holy Cross, fiddled till midnight so that his boys and their girls could dance to proper music. From the raised band platform he could also keep an eye on student manners. Any Kent boy who departed from propriety got a smart rap with the master's fiddle bow as he danced by.

Few of the boys were surprised at Father Sill's versatility. At Kent they were ready to believe that the restless little cleric could do anything. He was the school's founder, first headmaster; he presided over the discipline of the school, taught religion and English, supervised admissions; he coached football, hockey and crew; he acted as chaplain, purchasing agent, business manager and dietitian. For his boys, Father Sill prescribed his precepts of hard work and simple faith. Under the "Kent system," they made their own beds, waited on table, did most of the chores of the school. And under Headmaster Sill's uncompromising leadership, in 46 years Kent has taken its place high up in the ranks of Eastern preparatory schools.

Discipline & Purpose. Growing up in Manhattan, where his father was vicar of St. Chrysostom's Chapel, "Pater," as generations of school boys affectionately called him, had no idea of becoming a prep-school headmaster. At Columbia College, he enjoyed himself while he edited the *Spectator*, was a campus social lion, coxed the crew, and took five years to get his degree. Not until he had spent a year as a newspaper reporter did he start thinking about the ministry. Then, in the Anglo-Catholic faith of the monastic Order of the Holy Cross, he found the discipline and purpose about which he built all the rest of his life.

At the turn of the century, he got permission from his superior to start a boys' school. He mailed an appeal for funds to 1,500 well-heeled New Yorkers, aimed at a founding fund of \$250,000. In all, he received six answers and \$300. "Well," sighed Father Sill, "if the Lord wants me to make a school with \$300, I will do it."

In 1906 the Kent School began its first term in a run-down farmhouse on the banks of the Housatonic. On the first night, the cook fell ill and the houseboy sprained his ankle. The 18 students and three-man faculty had to pitch in to clean away what was left of the debris of generations of indifferent housekeeping. Pater managed the kitchen. Thus began the self-help system that continued even as the school prospered.

Rich & Poor Alike. Today the tumble-down farmhouse has grown into a group of Georgian buildings clustered about a

☛ The Kent oarsmen have four times won the Thames Challenge Cup in the Royal Henley Regatta.



Painted by John C. Johansen

KENT'S FATHER SILL
With the Lord's will and \$300.

handsome Norman chapel. The original \$300 investment has grown to more than \$2,000,000. Instead of 18 boys, there are now 315. But the sons of rich & poor still share alike in the chores, while their parents work out with the school just how much tuition they can afford to pay.

In 1941, after a paralytic stroke, Headmaster Sill was forced to retire as active head of the school. But he stayed on at Kent, living in his modest house, watching over the school he loved. He still attended regular meetings of the school trustees, and every Sunday afternoon some of the senior boys gathered to hear one of their number read a paper Pater had prepared. The weekly column "Pater Recalls" still ran in the *Kent News*, and letters went out steadily to Kent alumni all over the world. Not until last week did the youthful energy run down. At 78, after 46 years of service to his school, Father Sill died.

Report Card

☛ During the 1951-52 school year, more children than ever before were enrolled in elementary grades. The U.S. Census Bureau reported that grade-school classrooms bulged with 21,800,000 pupils, 600,000 more than in the previous year.

☛ Columbia University announced a new field of study for a Bachelor of Science degree: Editing and Publishing. Undergraduates and graduate students will be offered courses in magazine publishing, book publishing, editing, the graphic arts and the law of literary property.

☛ The government of Natal announced a major concession to its 250,000 Indians. Henceforth, the word "coolie" will be expunged from all textbooks in Natal. The gesture was not made because the British in Natal liked the Indians any better, but as a gesture of defiance to South Africa's white-supremacy Prime Minister Daniel Malan, whom they like even less.

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The Games Begin

Into Helsinki's Olympic stadium this week trooped some 6,000 athletes and officials of 67 nations,* parading around the rain-soaked, brick-red track past the presidential box and the stands packed with 70,000 applauding spectators. In its traditional position, the Greek team led the parade. Behind it, in order of the Finnish alphabet, marched the others: India's athletes, in light green and white flannels and gay turbans; the Russians, men in cream-colored flannels, women in bright blue blazers; the 368-member U.S. team; and the Finns, bringing up the rear as Olympic hosts. Then out of a stadium tunnel loped a balding, slightly thick-waisted runner in blue shirt and white trunks.

Carrying aloft the blazing Olympic torch, he circled the 400-meter track, with an easy, familiar stride. From the spectators came a delighted roar of applause for one of the most unforgettable of all Olympians: Finland's Paavo Nurmi, now 55, and in his Olympic days (1920-28) the greatest distance runner in the world. Stopping at the base of the giant urn, Nurmi stretched high to set it ablaze with fire relayed across Europe from Olympia. The 1952 Olympics had begun.

Smiling Russians. As the athletes began warming up for the first events, the big news was still the big Russian team (some 400 strong). Determinedly friendly from the first, they had made a point of visiting the U.S. camp, chatting in sign language and translated wisecracks. The U.S.'s world champion shot-putter, brawny, injury-prone Jim ("The Magnificent Wreck") Fuchs, swapped shot talk (through a translator) with Russia's Shotgun Ace Otto Grigalka, who stepped into the ring, dressed in his tight-fitting double-breasted suit, to demonstrate his technique.

The Russians' own explanation for their strange behavior was the earnest assurance: "We are here on a peace mission." But some cynical observers, after hearing

* Missing from the parade: Red China, admitted at the last minute, and Nationalist China, which withdrew in protest. One late scratch: Syria.



U.S.'s FUCHS & RUSSIA'S GRIGALKA.
In sign language, shot talk.

about Russian preparations for the games, thought they had hit on a better explanation. Last year alone, the U.S.S.R. spent billions of rubles on its athletic program, skimmed off the top cream of some 25 million totally organized athletes for Helsinki. Apparently the Russians felt sure enough of their prospects to be able to afford a few smiles of anticipation.

Broken Records. After the first day's events, the Russian smiles were broader than ever. In the first track & field final, Nina Romaschkova, a blonde Russian Amazon, stepped up and heaved the discus 168 ft. 8½ in., an Olympic record. Minutes later, Czechoslovakia's loose-jointed Emil Zatopek, who runs as if fighting off a seizure of St. Vitus' dance, dashed through the tape to win the 10,000-meter run final in 29 min. 17 sec.,

smashing his own 1948 Olympic record by 42.6 sec.

But the U.S. soon bounced back with five early gold-medal winners:

¶ Texas A. & M.'s towering Walter Davis, who high-jumped 6 ft. 8½ in., to break another old Olympic mark.

¶ Manhattan College's Lindy Remigio, who won the 100-meter dash in a photo-finish with Jamaica's Herb McKenley and Britain's Emanuel McDonald-Bailey. Time for all three sprinters: 10.4 sec.

¶ Cornell's Charley Moore, who beat out Russia's surprising Jurii Lituev to take the 400-meter low hurdles in 50.8 sec., equaling the Olympic record he set while qualifying in an earlier heat.

¶ The U.S. Army's Jerome Biffle, who took the gold medal in the broad jump with a leap of 24 ft. 10.03 in. Second: Cornell's Meredith Gourdine.

¶ Californian Parry O'Brien, who led the U.S.'s Darrow Hooper and Jim Fuchs to a 1-2-3 sweep in the shotput. O'Brien's winning toss: 57 ft. 1.43 in.

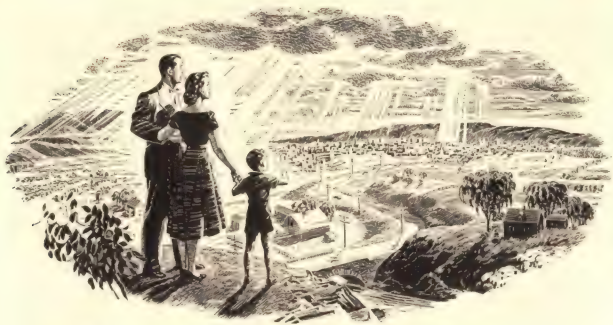
The Birds' Apprentices

In a sport once reserved for insects, a few preposterous fish, some webby mammals and the birds, some 60 glider experts from 19 countries last week silently swooped out over the dusty yellow airfield of Madrid's Real Aéreo Club. The two-week International Soaring contest, the biggest postwar meet, was coming to a flying finish. Each day at noon ranks of brightly colored sailplanes, eight abreast, were towed to a 1,650-ft. altitude by Spanish Air Force training planes. There, their long tow cables released, the motorless pilots sought out the thermals—rising warm air currents—on which they might ride up to soar highest, farthest or fastest.

To get up in the air, stay there and come down in one piece, the gliding enthusiast must know his sailplane, air, clouds, and the terrain below as well as he knows his own cockpit. Given a steady wind blowing up from sharp-rising, sun-baked ridges, a good glider pilot can soar for hours, executing elongated figure-eights above the ridge's windward slope. He can travel for hundreds of miles, using the character of clouds and of the ground below as his guide to finding the hot radiated updrafts and avoiding the cool downdrafts (see chart). In the great mountain-lifted waves of air that oscillate in the lee



Time Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



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What's going on here? Well, it's an artist's conception of our Superintendent of Communications. The tools he works with these days are just about as varied as the illustration indicates.

Once, a Superintendent of Telegraph had a fairly uncomplicated job. But electronics have come to the railroad, now.

We still use the telegraph. But we also use many other forms of communication. So we changed the title of our "Superintendent of Telegraph" to "Superintendent of Communications." Since he is responsible for "getting the word around" to keep our railroad running safely, on schedule and still more efficiently, he works with telegraph, teletype, telephone

(about 150,000 daily calls), radar, walkie-talkie, radio-phone, pneumatic tube, microfilm, automatic-electronic freight car locator, and virtually every other type of communication. He also works with 100,000 miles of wire on our coast-to-coast telegraph, plus 70,494 miles of super-imposed "carrier" circuits. In short, his mediums of communication are so varied that we had to change his title.

There are many ways of measuring a railroad's progressiveness. We think Southern Pacific's rapid strides in the field of modern communications indicate our determination to step ahead, taking advantage of scientific advances to make our good service still better.

And while we are on the subject, we'd like to brag a small brag about our S. P. people, many of them old-timers, who exclaimed, "Hey, what's going on here?" at their first view of some new electronic monster of communication. They've been foremost in taking hold, learning, adapting themselves, building the communications record that enables us to serve the people of the Southwest and West a little faster and better each day.

of California's High Sierra (TIME, Oct. 1) U.S. pilots in pressurized gliders have climbed to 42,100 ft.; over California's Coast Range they have stayed aloft 12 hrs. 3 min.—both world records.

As the international competition wound up in Spain, the U.S. broke another record. Dick Johnson, a Mississippi State graduate student who already holds the world distance record (535.1 miles from Odessa, Texas to Salina, Kans., set last August), sailed along over an 89-mile course at a 66.8 m.p.h. clip, for a new speed record.

The five U.S. teams, flying single-seater, all-metal Schweizer sailplanes, might have done even better in the air, had they not been so fouled up on the ground. Glider pilots from Britain and France, who were backed by government funds, came equipped with their own weathermen and radio crews that promptly dispatched retrieving trailers to landing points. But the U.S. team, forced to pay its own way, had no radios and had to rely on the strictly unilingual Spanish telephone system to trace its pilots. Some of them, down in isolated spots, waited hours before getting back to Madrid.

The final results seemed to prove that experience helps. Britain's eagle-faced Philip Wills, the oldest (52) pilot in the meet, soared off with the overall combined championship in a British-built Sky. Runner-Up Gerard Pierre of France, the meet's youngest (22) contestant, broke down and wept. Slowly knocking the ashes from his pipe, Soarer Wills peered down through his spectacles and said: "My boy, you have plenty of time ahead of you to become champion."

BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

With the baseball season just over the midseason hump, the 1952 pennant races had a strangely familiar look. In the National League, the Brooklyn Dodgers had pulled 7½ games ahead of the faltering Giants, were racing along at a .728 clip (mainly by winning 38 out of 39 games from the second-division Pirates, Reds and Braves). In the American League, the New York Yankees, despite the loss of Joe DiMaggio and Second Baseman Jerry Coleman (recalled by the Marines), had stretched their lead to 4½ games over the Boston Red Sox. The league leaders at week's end:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team: Brooklyn
Pitchers: Roe, Brooklyn (7-0)
Erskine, Brooklyn (10-2)
Batter: Musial, St. Louis (.323)
Runs Batted In: Sauer, Chicago (76)
Home Runs: Sauer, Chicago (24)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team: New York
Pitchers: Shantz, Philadelphia (16-3)
Raschi, New York (10-2)
Batter: Goodman, Boston (.336)
Runs Batted In: Dropp, Detroit (60)
Rosen, Cleveland (60)
Home Runs: Berra, New York (20)



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says Robert C. Hau
of Cleveland, Ohio

"My 145-h.p. Ford BIG JOB hauled loads of over 12 tons in hilly country during the Ford Truck Economy Run at a cost of only 6¢ a mile for gas, oil, and service."



Robert C. Hau,
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"I'm mighty proud of the rig I drive," says Robert C. Hau. "You'd know why if you saw me step around in the hills hereabouts with my 1951 Ford Model F-8.

"It's got the get-up-and-go a fellow needs in a money-making truck. You find that out hauling big loads of steel. And

you find out a lot more if you keep detailed cost records like I did in the Economy Run. My Model F-8 Big Job hauled loads averaging 27,672 lbs. for 21,129 miles. All I paid for gas, oil and service was \$1,252.00. That works out to only 5.93 cents a mile."



A steel-hauling Model F-8 like this is rated for 41,000 lbs. G.C.W. The 1952 Ford F-8 features a new 155-h.p. V-8 engine with overhead-valves. For

lighter loads many other models are available. You have a choice of five engines including the famous 239 cu. in. V-8 and 254 cu. in. Big Six.

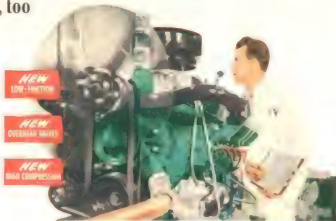
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MEDICINE

Drink & Man at Yale

Most alcoholics are problem drinkers before they get to be hospital cases, and most are moderate drinkers before they get to be problem drinkers. Why do they drink at all, in the first place? To try to answer that question, Yale University researchers polled 17,000 students in 27 colleges of all types across the U.S. From a carefully worded questionnaire, designed to strain out flip replies by sophomore jesters, Researcher Robert Straus reports these findings:

- ¶ The great majority of college students who drink started to do so before they got to college (men, 80%; women, 65%).
- ¶ Young people's habits are more influenced by what their parents practice than



Reproduced by permission, Coor, 1952
The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"We'll have a rye-on-the-rocks, a dry Martini, and two Tom Collins without gin."

by what they preach: if both parents drink, 90% of their sons and 83% of their daughters drink; if both parents abstain, so do 49% of their sons, 81% of their daughters.

¶ Family income is a big factor: from families with less than \$2,500 a year, 66% of men students and only 30% of women are drinkers, while from families with more than \$10,000 a year, the figures are 86% and 79%.

¶ Beer is the usual drink of 72% of college men, but only 47% prefer beer—the others drink it because they cannot afford hard liquor.

¶ Though veterans report more experience with alcohol than non-veterans, they settle down to the same drinking habits.

The Yale survey will pay its biggest dividends in years to come, when the students are re-polled every five years to find out the effect of alcohol, if any, on their lives. Researcher Straus is so young (29) that he expects to be around for quite a few rounds of quizzes.

"En Cas d'Accident..."

A stocky Detroit businessman, middle-aged and raring for a night on the town, dropped his room key at the desk of the Hotel Continental in Paris' Rue de Castiglione. In his mailbox, as in those of hundreds of other Americans in Paris last week, was a letter. "The enclosed wallet-size 'protection card,'" it said, "comes to you with the compliments of the American Hospital of Paris, which for nearly half a century has been a feature of American life in this city... The hospital is yours."

The Detroitier blinked at the big red lettering on the card: *EN CAS D'ACCIDENT*. After a blank for his name & address: *Citoyen américain, je désire être transporté d'urgence à l'hôpital américain de Paris*. The visitor filled in his name and hotel address, dropped the card into his wallet, and stepped briskly out into the warm, exciting Paris night to take his chances with wine, women and the world's wildest motorists. The Detroitier, and thousands like him, felt a bit more secure just for having the card.

After the Opera. A fair number of Americans in Paris eventually turn up at the hospital. Schoolteacher Anne Louise McMahon of Lewisburg, W. Va., was crossing the Boulevard des Capucines one night last month, after attending the opera, when a motorcyclist roared down the street and hit her; she suffered a broken left leg. "Right away," she says, "I thought of my little card." Her friends fished it out of her pocketbook and handed it to the gendarme who sent her, *d'urgence*, to the American Hospital. Card or no, the police probably would have sent her there anyway, but it made Miss McMahon feel better to have some say in the matter.

Now Schoolmistress McMahon's leg is mending well, though she is still not sure how soon she can go home. She is delighted with the hospital and the treatment she has had; speaking no French, she has found it a comfort to be cared for by English-speaking doctors and nurses. (The doctors include three Americans, five Britons and a Canadian; the 100 nurses are of nine nationalities.)

Surprisingly few U.S. visitors are taken to the hospital because of traffic accidents. Most are so shaken by their first sight of Paris traffic that they are extra careful in crossing streets. The commonest ailment treated at the hospital is "Paris tummy"—a catchall label for the painful bellyaches that result from too much French food and wine. Next in frequency are heart attacks, suffered by elderly businessmen pursuing delusions of youth in Montmartre. A few scared youngsters and sheepish oldsters drop in at the outpatient department after a possible exposure to venereal disease.

The Water's Fine. U.S. tourists are always calling the hospital to ask whether Paris water is safe to drink. (It is.) Also



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NEW CASTLE, PA.—"I was so well pleased with a single Frigidaire Display Case I purchased, that I replaced two more of my cases with Frigidaire, even though the others were less than a year old," says Wayne Moore, owner of Walmo Cash Market, Wilmington Road. "Since then, my meat sales jumped 30%, refrigeration operating costs dropped 25% and I saved between 8 and 10% on reduced spoilage."

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whether it is safe to eat such French dishes as frogs' legs, snails and mussels. (Usually, it is.)

Currently, a Texan holds the record for fortitude. Tall and tough, he was in great pain from a broken arm when he walked into the red brick hospital building in suburban Neully. The doctor saw that it was not a fresh break, asked why he had not come in sooner. "Oh," said the Texan, "I figured it would knit by itself and wasn't important enough to bother the hospital about."

Last week the hospital, founded in 1910, closed a fund drive among U.S. tourists and the permanent American community. Wrote one heart case: "I'm writing flat on my back in one of your most agreeable rooms." He enclosed a check for \$500. To eke out its income from fees (higher than French, but lower than U.S. rates) and buy expensive U.S. equipment and drugs, the hospital had taken in \$126,000.

Capsules

¶ For its next test of mass inoculations with gamma globulin as a protection against the paralyzing aftereffects of poliomyelitis, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis picked the area around Sioux City (Woodbury County, Iowa, and Dakota County, Neb.). It hoped to give the needle this week to 16,500 youngsters, aged one to eleven.

¶ In Houston, where the big G.G. test was made (TIME, July 14), authorities still had a many-pointed problem: what to do with 33,127 syringes. Though they were intended to be discarded after use, care had to be taken lest they fall into the hands of dope addicts. Somebody suggested dropping them down a 5,000-ft. oil boring, then sealing it with concrete. Last week they were melted down in a 2,000" incinerator, then the vitreous mass with needles embedded in it was buried under ten feet of garbage.

¶ Many a country doctor has a machine which will make fine electrocardiograms, but reading them takes extra skill for which a general practitioner usually calls on a specialist. Now, three researchers in Omaha have perfected a preamplifier which turns the patient's weak, direct-current impulses into strong FM signals which can be transmitted over an ordinary telephone and charted at the other end of the line by a heart specialist. The G.P. and the specialist can discuss the patient's heart waves over the same line.

¶ At the halfway mark in its twelve-month job of finding out what needs to be done to jack up U.S. medical facilities, the President's Commission on Health Needs of the Nation (TIME, Jan. 14) took advice from Harry Truman himself. It decided to go on the road, hold "whistle stop" public hearings in eight major cities beginning next month. In most places, organized doctors were lukewarm to the idea, but in Houston they boiled over, denounced the commission as a political maneuver and a waste of time & money. The commission figured its Texas hearing might have to be held in Dallas.

MILESTONES

Married. Nackey Elizabeth Scripps Gallowhur, 28, granddaughter of Newsmagazine E. W. Scripps; and William Loeb, 46, Old Guard Republican publisher of the Manchester (N.H.) *Union-Leader*; both for the second time; in Reno.

Married. Mrs. John J. Raskob, 67, widow of the Manhattan financier and onetime (1928-32) chairman of the Democratic National Committee; and John P. Corcoran, fiftyish, grass-seed executive, who formerly managed Raskob's Maryland farm; she for the second time, he for the first; in Tucson, Ariz.

Died. Sir Hugh Cairns, 56, professor of surgery at Oxford University and world-famed brain surgeon (among his patients: General George Patton, Lawrence of Arabia); after long illness; in Oxford.

Died. Mrs. Alice Warder Garrett, sixtyish, great lady of Baltimore society and widow of John W. Garrett, Herbert Hoover's Ambassador to Italy; of a heart attack; in Baltimore. A longtime patron of the arts, she was the main support of Baltimore's Musical Arts Quartet, a chamber music group for which she built a special theater in her home.

Died. Norman Stephen Taber, 60, financial consultant, managing director of the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, former (1948-49) budget director of ECA, and for eight years (1915-23) holder of the world's record for the mile run (4 min. 12.6 sec.); of cancer; in Orange, N.J.

Died. Sisley Huddleston, 69, author (*In My Time, With The Marshals*) and for nearly 20 years between World Wars I and II European correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*; of a heart attack; in Saint-Pierre-d'Aulais, France. Throughout the Occupation he stayed in France, published *The Myth of Liberty*, an attack on the democracies, and won French citizenship from Vichyite Marshal Henri Pétain. In 1944, after the Normandy landing, he was arrested but subsequently released by Free French forces.

Died. Frau Elly Heuss-Knapp, 71, wife of Theodor Heuss, President of the West German Federal Republic; after long illness; in Bonn. The daughter of Economist George Knapp, she founded the first evening school for women in Strasbourg when she was only 19. When the Nazis burned her husband's books and banned him from teaching in Berlin, Frau Heuss-Knapp supported the family by writing jingles for soap ads.

Died. The Rev. Dr. Frederick Herbert Sill, 78, founder and headmaster emeritus of the Kent School; in Kent, Conn. (see EDUCATION).

* Present record: 4 min. 1.4 sec., set by Sweden's Gunder Hägg in 1945.

Better health around the corner

*The druggist . . . your friend
in sickness and in health*



Remember, as a child, hurrying to the drugstore to have a prescription filled? You probably ran all the way. What a wonderful feeling when the pharmacist handed you the precious package and you were able to rush home with it.

The drugstore long has been a familiar beacon of health—an indispensable aid to the physician in his practice. This year marks a historic occasion—the 100th anniversary of the founding of the American Pharmaceutical Association, the organization through which the profession of pharmacy has developed its high educational and ethical standards.

For centuries, the name Merck has been identified with pharmacy, and today Merck prescription chemicals are a familiar part of every modern pharmacy.

Prescription chemicals . . . Antibiotics to subdue infection . . . Cortisone to combat arthritis, certain eye diseases, and other afflictions . . . Vitamins for buoyant health . . . these are direct results of the continuous Merck program of research and production devoted to helping physicians conquer disease and save life.

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for the Nation's Health*



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PLASTICS

*add
sales appeal!*



*modern, eye-catching, protective—packaging
that sells, made of STYRON 475*

Sales of these home drills by ones and twos were good, but as the tool manufacturer expanded his production facilities, he encountered a new problem: how to sell these tools in multiple units, increase over-all sales and gain a wider share of the market. The manufacturer turned to a molder experienced in packaging and to the experts of Dow's Plastics Technical Service. The result was an attractive, durable case made of Styron 475 (Dow polystyrene) that had eye appeal and "buy appeal." This modern package contains 13 different-size drills,

each protected from damage in its individual slot. This "working together"—the pooling of your own designers' talents, the molder's and Dow's—may help you improve your packaging and get a larger share of the market for your products. And shock- and moisture-resistant, lightweight but tough Styron 475 may be the material that will make your product *stand out* at the sales counter.

write today!

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Cleveland • Detroit • Chicago • St. Louis
Houston • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle
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*let's work it
out together!*



**DID
you
know?**

Three thousand years ago the inventive Egyptians isolated a resin from a species of balsam. This material was remarkably similar to today's styrene. It was used for embalming.

Twentieth Century research produced man-made styrene, a versatile chemical. Giving us synthetic rubber in our hour of need, it was made commercially possible through the plastics industry's search for better products. Chemistry transformed it into sparkling crystals of raw material for molding called "polystyrene." How well polystyrene has been tailored to the needs of today is demonstrated by its remarkable growth:

1938 190,000 lbs.
1948 . . . 150,000,000 lbs.
1951 . . . 250,000,000 lbs.

In thirteen years, a production increase of 130,000%! That's right—one hundred and thirty thousand per cent.

And the rate of application is doubling every four years! By 1955 this means a thousand pounds of polystyrene molded every minute of every day, all year long. Consider, too, that a pound of polystyrene will make a piece $7\frac{1}{2}$ times larger than a pound of steel produces. Or, seven and one-half times as many parts of the same size.

What wonders we could show the Pharaohs!

DOW

plastics

BUSINESS & FINANCE

PRICES

Return of Fair Trade

Bundled up in a bathrobe and pajamas, President Truman (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) last week signed into law one of the most bitterly fought bills in the last session of Congress. The new law, sponsored by Connecticut Democrat John A. McGuire, legalizes tight Fair Trade price control in 45 states.^{*} Under the law, Fair Traders who sign up with manufacturers to sell at minimum prices can force all other merchants in their state to observe the same minimums, whether they sign up or not. Thus Congress and the President had legalized the same mandatory signing clause which the U.S. Supreme Court had tossed out 14 months ago, pulling the rug from under Fair Trade.

Change of Mind. In signing, Harry Truman surprised almost everyone. During the long hearings before Congress, he had strongly protested Fair Trade as "not in accord with our program"; government agencies had damned Fair Trade as thwarting free competition and lower prices for consumers. Why had the president changed his mind?

Over & above the overwhelming congressional vote for the bill, the chief reason was politics. After Congress passed the bill, some 28,000 letters and wires poured into the White House. All but 200 urged the President to sign the bill. He knew that much of the mail for the bill was puffed up by the trade associations who had axes to grind—organizations of druggists, small grocers, liquor and appliance dealers, etc. But in an election year, Harry Truman is not the man to take any chance of losing such a bloc of small businessmen's votes, especially since consumers didn't seem to care or know enough about the bill to object. To try to justify his turnaround, Harry Truman said that "Fair Trade laws are no cure-all for the problems of small retailers," urged Congress to make a thorough investigation of the whole matter. Since Congress has adjourned, it can't act until after election.

Change of Prices. There is a big loophole in the new law: mail-order houses do not have to observe minimum prices in interstate shipment. So Fair Traders started a new drive to amend the law to bring them into line. Prices on many items sold by other retailers would undoubtedly go up as Fair Traders cracked down on stores which had been selling at cut rates (TIME, June 4, 1951 *et seq.*). However, many a manufacturer with overloaded inventories has found that the only way to lure customers in was to let retailers cut prices. While consumer items remain so plentiful, Fair Traders may have a tough time making the new law stick.

^{*} Three states, Vermont, Missouri and Texas, are not affected because they have no state laws permitting Fair Trade prices. Other states can get out of the law by changing their legislation.

WALL STREET

Five-Day Week

Said a jubilant Wall Streeter: "We've finally caught up with the white-collar class." The source of the joy on Wall Street was a decision last week by New York Stock Exchange governors to make the summer five-day week permanent. To make up for the shorter week, trading hours will be extended half an hour, to 3:30 p.m.

In announcing the first changes in week-day trading hours in 79 years, the Stock Exchange took note of two new facts of

CORPORATIONS

Partnership with God

At the riverside near Vicksburg, Miss. one morning last week, Evangelist Billy Graham stepped up to a platform, lifted his eyes to heaven, and blessed a 200-ft. converted LSM (Landing Ship, Medium) and its crew. This week the ship, known around Vicksburg as "The Ark of LeTourneau," will cast off and nose out into the muddy Mississippi. Its cargo consists of \$500,000 worth of heavy earth-moving, lumbering and land-clearing machinery, food supplies for a year, 500 New Testa-



EARTH-MOVER LeTOURNEAU

From the muddy Mississippi to the shores of Africa.

financial life: 1) brokerage houses all over the U.S. are having trouble finding people willing to work Saturdays; 2) a recent Brookings Institution report showed that the greatest proportion of stockholders live in the Western time belt. Wall Streeters hope the new hours will result in more business. Eight weeks ago the Curb Exchange extended its closing time to 3:30, has been doing more business ever since.

Last week there was another note of joy. The Dow-Jones industrial average surged forward to 276.76, a shade higher than the peak of last September and the best level since April 30, 1930.

RAILROADS

Rising Berth Rate

After six months of investigation, the I.C.C. last week authorized the Pullman Co. to boost its minimum sleeping-car rates a whopping 23%. Pullman estimated the increases will add \$4,300,000 yearly to its income, help cut an estimated \$15 million operating deficit this year.

ments and a dozen "technical missionaries." Its destination: Liberia.

The Liberian expedition is the latest project of Robert Gilmour LeTourneau, 63, a missionary-minded businessman and one of the world's biggest makers of earth-moving equipment. Twenty years ago, LeTourneau made what he calls "a deal with God" to turn over 90% of his personal earnings and a sizable block of company stock to the Lord's work. The partnership has been successful. Last year, on sales of \$55 million, R. G. LeTourneau, Inc. netted \$3,100,000. Excluding LeTourneau's personal contributions, God's share, which was turned over to the interdenominational LeTourneau Foundation, was \$158,820 in dividends. This year the partnership is doing even better: sales are up 45%.

Spiritual Point Four. But Earth-Mover LeTourneau has never been satisfied just to fill the financial side of his bargain. After a trip to Liberia in 1951, he decided that the best way to teach the Gospel to the natives was to teach them American technical skills at the same time. From the Liberian government LeTourneau

This is under no circumstances to be construed as an offering of these securities for sale, or as an offer to buy, or as a solicitation of an offer to buy, any of these securities. The offer is made only by means of the Prospectus.

NEW ISSUE

\$100,000,000

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY

3% Convertible Subordinate Debentures

Dated July 1, 1952

Due July 1, 1982

Convertible into Common Stock at \$150 per share on or before July 1, 1962, at \$165 thereafter and on or before July 1, 1967, at \$180 thereafter and on or before July 1, 1972, at \$195 thereafter and on or before July 1, 1977, and at \$210 thereafter.

Price 101.50% and accrued interest

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from the undersigned only in those States in which the undersigned may legally offer these securities in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

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July 15, 1952

NEW!
A CALENDAR THAT
LEAPS!



Water wheels, hour glasses, calendars, and sun dials have been built, blown, published, and evicted in century-old tries at timing time. But it took the Daner and Kemper-Thomas to bring you a push-button calendar — the amazing Robot!

Just set it when you get it. Then each day forever after you need only push the button, and presto! the correct day, date, and month appear. You never have to recite, "Thirty days hath . . ." because the Robot works it out for you. Even for Leap Year! Set it once and it's right forever!

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Investors
MUTUAL, Inc.

Notice of 47th Consecutive Dividend.

The Board of Directors of Investors Mutual has declared a quarterly dividend of seventeen and one half cents per share payable on July 21, 1952 to shareholders of record as of June 30, 1952

H. K. Bradford, President

Investors
MUTUAL, INC.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

leased 500,000 acres of jungle for 80 years at 6¢ an acre, laid plans to cultivate the land with such crops as rice, grapefruit, bananas and palms, cut down and export mahogany. He agreed to pour back the first five years' profits into the development. With such material aid, LeTourneau, who is flying ahead "to be there when the boat rams that beach," hopes to accomplish a material and spiritual Point Four. Says he: "Hungry natives will listen to us about God if we can show them a field of grain with a combine harvesting more in a day than they can eat in a year."

Bathtub Dreamer. "Bob" LeTourneau, who does not drink or smoke and flies some 200,000 miles a year in his private planes, spreading the Lord's word, combines his evangelism with hard-headed business sense. Born in Richford, Vt., he was still a boy when his family moved to the West Coast. He quit school after the seventh grade, made his first money selling pictures of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. He learned mechanics as a grease monkey in a garage, later set up his own earth-moving and contracting business at Stockton, Calif. on a loan of \$4,500. In 1931, he lost \$32,000. Next year he switched to making scrapers, bulldozers, cranes, etc., and made his deal with God. His 1932 net: \$52,000. LeTourneau, who comes from a deeply religious Plymouth Brethren family and whose two sisters were missionaries to China, turned over his stock interest to endow the LeTourneau Foundation, now worth \$16 million and one of the biggest religious foundations in the U.S.

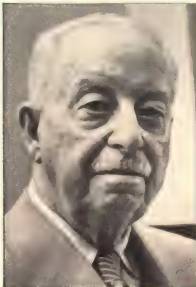
LeTourneau was the first to put earth-moving equipment on rubber tires, thus enabling it to go almost anywhere. He moved headquarters to Peoria, Ill., and cleared the land for new plant sites with his own equipment. By 1940, sales were up to \$10 million. During the war they quadrupled, as LeTourneau built an estimated 70% of the basic earth-moving equipment used by the U.S. armed forces all over the world.

Dreaming up new ideas in the bathtub, and sketching them out on the backs of envelopes during his frequent preaching trips, LeTourneau got set for the peacetime construction boom. But he was in too much of a hurry. He installed new transmissions, differentials and drives in his equipment, put the new machines on the market before all the bugs had been removed. The company went \$6,000,000 in the red. For a time, LeTourneau spent \$100,000 a month merely servicing machinery that had broken down. But at length he perfected his new devices, and dug his way into the black again in 1949. Bankers who had complained of LeTourneau's "downright stubbornness" began referring again to his "dauntless spirit."

Flying Missionaries. In all his troubles, LeTourneau never forgot his Senior Partner. He set up a school to teach missionaries how to fly their own planes, let them pay their tuition by working for his company. He busily invented new methods and machines. Among them: the "Tournalayer," a giant machine that can

turn out small concrete houses at the rate of almost one a day; a machine with electric motors in each wheel for greater maneuverability.

LeTourneau is shipping some of his most impressive mechanical equipment to Africa, including a 22-ton machine that can shear off big trees like a scythe cutting grass and a self-contained sawmill unit which will be hauled by the biggest bulldozer in the world. LeTourneau insists that he is not primarily interested in profit in his Liberian adventure. Nor does he want to create mere "rice Christians." Says he: "I am trying to do a missionary job in a businesslike way."



Joseph H. Young
Youth is a state of mind.

PERSONNEL

Back to Work

When Joseph Hardie Young was retired as assistant to the president of Pennsylvania's Westinghouse Air Brake Co. last winter, he called it "a dirty trick." Over the years, Joe Young had served no fewer than 22 railway companies, and he felt he still knew his way around. He had been general superintendent of four companies (including the Colorado & Southern and the Southern Pacific) and president of nine (including the Norfolk Southern, the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, and the Denver & Rio Grande Western). And hadn't he served Westinghouse faithfully for the past 25 years? True, said the Westinghouse directors, but he was getting on.

Young's retirement was short-lived. Within days, he opened an office of his own with a sign painted on the door: "Joseph H. Young, Consultant." Last week, at 88, Joseph H. Young, consultant, got himself another job. Chicago's Poor & Co. (track equipment) hired him as sales assistant to the chairman. As Salesman Young constantly reminds himself with a placard on his desk: "Youth is not a time of life. It's a state of mind..."

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Sky Climbers

... Stout Hearts
and Strong Rope

To A. W. Baxter, Jr., Chairman of the California Himalayan Expedition, and member of the Sierra and American Alpine Clubs, a good length of rope is literally a matter of life and death. Mr. Baxter should know... he has climbed in many of the world's great mountain ranges.



"good rope often means the difference"

Says Mr. Baxter: "In mountaineering, good rope often means the difference between life and a sudden fall into eternity. The forces that can be generated in a long fall demand special rope if that fall is to be checked—and no amount of human skill can make up for inadequate rope. When I climb with nylon rope made by the U. S. cordage industry I have absolute confidence in its quality and reliability."

These standards of quality, developed through constant research and built into U. S. cordage products, are unequalled anywhere in the world. Few people can go climbing cliffs, but it's comforting to know, when you have to place your trust in it, that your rope is going to hold. It's important, too, to know that, in any national emergency, our productive industries will have the tough, faithful muscles of U. S.-made cordage; cordage that merits absolute confidence. That's why a healthy cordage industry is vital to the defensive strength of the nation!

Presented in behalf of
the U. S. Cordage Industry by

Plymouth Cordage Company
Plymouth, Massachusetts

COPPER

Strike for Magma

Four centuries ago, in search of the legendary Seven Cities of Cibola, Francisco Vázquez de Coronado beat a trail along the San Pedro River in southeast Arizona. Coronado never found the fabled wealth of the cities. But in recent years, evidence of other riches—in the form of big copper and molybdenum deposits—has been found by prospectors along the San Pedro. During World War II, the Magma Copper Co., seventh biggest U.S. copper producer, took out an option and set up a subsidiary, the San Manuel Copper Corp., to explore the deposit. In the past seven years, Magma President Alexander J. McNab has spent \$10 million on preliminary exploration and development, estimates that his mine contains half a billion tons of low-grade ore, biggest U.S. underground copper mine.

Last week Magma struck it rich—not on the San Pedro but in the bureaus of Washington. To develop its San Manuel property, it got a \$94 million RFC loan, the biggest ever made to a private company. With the money, Magma plans to build a town for 7,000, a concentrator, smelter and other installations. But there is one catch. Not till Magma raises \$17 million for the mine from private sources will the RFC turn over its money. President McNab is still not sure where the \$17 million will come from. But since the Government is willing to provide a guaranteed market at a price which will probably assure the company a profit, McNab is sure he can get the money. If he does, he estimates that by 1958 San Manuel will annually be turning out 140 million lbs. of copper, an increase of 8% in U.S. production, and 6,000,000 lbs. of molybdenum, a boost of 16%.

GOVERNMENT

Cartelization or Cooperation?

When British and U.S. Government oil experts sat down in 1944, with U.S. State Department blessings, and agreed on a broad policy to stabilize markets in the postwar world, the U.S. oilmen were worried. President J. Howard Pew of Sun Oil Co. attacked the agreement as a "blank check" to the Government that would involve the domestic oil industry in a "vicious cartel system."

The Senate refused to ratify the agreement. Since then, the source of the anti-cartel rumblings has changed. Last year the Federal Trade Commission prepared a secret 900-page study of the situation. Last week Missouri's Senator Tom Hennings, probably prodded by independent oilmen, exploded the whole question into the open, thus forcing the Attorney General to order a grand jury investigation. Said Hennings: "Prices are predetermined and fixed by the Big Seven* under an

* Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of California, Texas Co., Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Gulf Oil Co., British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., and Royal Dutch Petroleum Co.



MAGMA'S McNab

There was gold in the bureau.

ingenious basing point system [which] runs under the direct supervision of central authorities in London and New York with the precision of a fine Swiss watch."

Gulf Price System. The basing point system, said he, is the so-called "Gulf Price" system, which fixes the world price of oil at U.S. Gulf ports plus transportation charges to where it is sold. The price of Middle Eastern oil, when sold in Europe, the FTC reportedly charged, is a Gulf-plus price, even though it is cheaper to produce than U.S. oil. Last year U.S. Navy vessels refueling in Mediterranean ports had the same complaint. Last week Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs Willard L. Thorp told a congressional committee that world oil prices are



Harris & Ewing

JERSEY STANDARD'S HOLMAN
There was shouting at the well.

fixed to correspond to the basing point system of U.S. prices.

The loudest wail during the past year has come from MSA officials. They charged that by agreeing to set the price of oil to Europe at the U.S. Gulf rate, three of the seven companies have overcharged MSA countries some \$50 million since 1949 on shipments of Middle East oil. Three weeks ago MSA banned such purchases, announced that from now on the U.S. would buy no more oil for Europe in its foreign aid program.

"Loose Talk." To all the charges last week, Standard Oil of New Jersey's President Eugene Holman made a blanket denial. Said he: "We hope the investigation will, once and for all, put a stop to loose and irresponsible talk about this company's foreign business. We do not believe there is an international oil cartel—certainly we are not party to one."

Socony's President Brewster B. Jennings said that Socony's expansion into the Middle East came at the instigation of the U.S. Government or with its approval. Added Holman: "We have informed interested Government agencies, including the Department of Justice, of important steps as they have been taken."

A Round of Applause

When W. Stuart Symington was RFC administrator, he resolutely refused to place Government orders for tin at the sky-high prices that the U.S. had been paying in the world markets. In less than three months tin plummeted from \$1.50 to \$1.06 a lb. Though Bolivia and other tin producers protested vehemently, the U.S. has since been able to buy tin for \$1.18 a lb., a price it considers fair. Last week, in a special report, the Senate Preparedness ("Watchdog") subcommittee roundly commended Symington because he "bore the brunt of the battle" against the tin producers. The committee said the thrifty tin-buying policies of the RFC had saved the U.S. \$500 million. It also recommended a careful study of "the history of the tin negotiations . . . as a guide" to other government agencies who buy raw materials overseas.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Car Cooler. General Motors announced an automobile air-conditioning unit as optional equipment for 1953 Cadillacs and Oldsmobiles. The small unit will be installed in the luggage compartment, pump cold air into the car through a grill behind the rear seat. In temperatures up to 110°, said G.M., the unit will cool a car to "comfort." Price: about \$500.

Rain Hat. In Richmond, Va., the M. & B. Headwear Co. began sales of what it called the first nonshrinkable waterproof hat for men. Nonstitched, the cloth of the hat is laminated together and covered with a thin, transparent coat of plastic. Price: \$2.98.

Colored Tires. In New York, the Lefterts Color-Wall Tire Service began processing tire sidewalls to match the color

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy these securities. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

New Issue

691,276 Shares

Deere & Company

Common Stock, \$10 Par Value

Price \$32 per share

Copies of the Prospectus are obtainable from only such of the undersigned and such other dealers as may lawfully offer these securities in the respective States.

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July 16, 1952

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Stays put—still shines!

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of the car. By vulcanizing a thin strip of rubber to tire sidewalls, the company turns out such hues as robin's-egg blue or Hollywood yellow. Price: \$5 per tire.

Dust Up. Daycon Products Inc. of Washington, D.C. began sales of Endust, a chemical that when sprayed on floor mops coagulates dust for house cleaners. It forms dust into small balls of lint which can be easily shaken off the mop on to a newspaper. Price: \$1.79 for a 10½-oz. can.

New Synthetic. The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. began production of a synthetic rubber which it claims is as good as but cheaper than the famed "cold rubber" synthetic now used in making most tires. The new synthetic is usable directly after coming out of the "hot process" tank, eliminates the need for costly refrigeration used in present synthetic processes. Another advantage: the new rubber will cut costs of future construction of synthetic plants.

Atomic Yardstick. For Civil Defense groups, the Magnex Corp. of New York put on the market an Atometer, a 1-oz. vial for testing atomic radiation. When exposed to gamma rays, the chemical in the vial changes color, thus permits defense workers to judge accurately the amount of radiation in the air. Price: \$2.

MERGERS

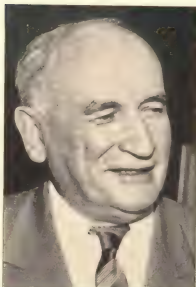
Love's Labor Lost

Even though he made his millions from refrigerators, radios, scalp exercisers, bed coolers and sundry other gadgets, Powell Crosley Jr.'s first love was always the automobile. Seven years ago, the 6 ft. 4 in. Cincinnati millionaire decided to satisfy his passion. For \$19 million he sold all his other interests to Aviation Corp. (now Avco), concentrated on making midget Crosley autos. His goal was to produce 150,000 cars a year, eventually bring the price down to \$500. But Crosley fell far short of the mark.

Caught by rising costs, he could never bring the price below \$800, and even then his profit margin was slim. Crosley production hit a high of 28,000 a year, then skidded. In the last three years, Crosley Motors, Inc. has lost \$1 million a year; Powell Crosley has had to pour \$3 million of his own money into the company to keep it going.

Last week, with his auto plant shut down, 65-year-old Powell Crosley finally threw in the towel. In a stock swap, he turned over 317,077 shares (58% control) to Akron's General Tire & Rubber Co. for the equivalent of \$63,400, or 20¢ a share. (Crosley stock, traded on the Curb, promptly fell nearly a point to 1½.) In partial payment of his \$3 million loan, Crosley will keep \$1.5 million worth of plant real estate, which he will lease back to the rubber company; the balance of the loan will be paid off with stock in a reorganized Crosley Motors.

Holy Cross to Broadway. What might a tire company want with Crosley? The answer lay in the amazing changes wrought in General Tire over the past few years by its president and founder, William



Francis O'Neill
GENERAL TIRE'S O'NEIL
He has his own stretch-out.

Francis O'Neill, 66. A rough & ready graduate of Holy Cross, Bill O'Neill left his father's New England textile mill in 1907, got a Firestone tire dealership in Kansas City, Mo. A friend suggested that he make tires and plug his "home talent" products in the vicinity. "I didn't go for that home talent stuff," O'Neill recalls. "I thought of home talent theatricals and decided we wanted to be on the Broadway of the rubber business."

He forthwith moved to Akron and founded General Tire & Rubber. Instead of selling direct to automakers, O'Neill set off in hot pursuit of the replacement tire market. He quickly made General Tire the world's fifth biggest rubber company, boosted sales to \$44 million by 1941. Then, after first scorn the diversification of other rubber companies (e.g., Firestone's hardware, Goodrich's chemicals), he himself began to stretch out. He bought New England's Yankee radio network for \$1.3 million.

Tennis Balls to Jets. During the war, General Tire made military equipment ranging from gas masks to barrage balloons: at war's end, it switched to tennis balls, hospital beds, washing-machine tubs and other civilian products. Bill O'Neill then bought control of California's Aerojet Engineering Corp., maker of rockets and Jato (jet-assisted-take-off) units (TIME, Jan. 1, 1951). Last year, he snapped up the West Coast's Don Lee radio network and the Mutual Broadcasting System, biggest in the nation.

With his new buy, O'Neill does not plan to make the same mistake that Powell Crosley made. He will not try to buck the auto market; instead, he will use the plant space for his booming defense business. And for all the diversification, O'Neill plans to keep General Tire in the business it knows best. Of its \$171 million sales in 1951 (and \$7 million net), 85% came from rubber.



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CINEMA

End of a Diary

Elderly Hollywood breathed a little easier. By court order, the torch had been put to Actress Mary Astor's famed "Purple Diary," introduced by her then husband Dr. Franklyn Thorpe in his 1936 suit for custody of their daughter Marylyn. Though the two-volume record of Actress Astor's amorous adventures was never officially admitted into the court records, enough of it leaked out to give Hollywood some apprehensive moments. It named Hollywood's six "greatest lovers," and included a lurid description of the manly appeal of Playwright George S. (Of *Three Men on a Horse*) Kaufman ("thrilling ecstasy... I don't see how he does it"). Last week, now that daughter Marylyn is 20 and married, the Manhattan court that had locked the document in a bank vault decided the time would never be better for taking it out and burning it, so ordered.

The New Pictures

The Story of Will Rogers (Warner) is an unusual Hollywood film biography. It is both faithful to the facts of Cowboy-Humorist Rogers' life, and has in Will Rogers Jr., playing the title role, almost a carbon copy of his famous father.

Based on *Uncle Clem's Boy*, by the late Mrs. Will Rogers (played by Jane Wyman), the picture traces Rogers' career from Oklahoma cowpuncher to Wild-West-show trick roper, vaudeville lasso artist-monologist, and poet lariat and sagebrush sage of stage, screen, radio, banquet table, speakers' platform and syndicated column. The picture ends with Rogers' death at 55, during an Alaskan flight with Wiley Post.

Though slickly put together, *The Story of Will Rogers* often slacks off for lack of a dramatic story to tell. Funnyman Rogers' career had no violent ups & downs. He had no enemies ("I joke about every prominent man of my time," he once said, "but I never met a man I didn't like"). And time has taken the edge off many of his most typically topical quips.

The picture manages to capture some of Rogers' genial joshing and his common and uncommon sense on national and international affairs. (Samples: "Our foreign deals are like an open book, especially a checkbook"; "The U.S. never lost a war or won a peace.") To bolster its just-folks plot, the movie throws in a couple of production numbers from the Ziegfeld Follies, in which Rogers starred. But it is in Will Rogers Jr.'s performance that his father comes most alive on the screen: the familiar slouch with hands jammed in pockets, the unruly forelock, the sheepish grin, the shambling wisecracks delivered in his famous gunchewing drawl.

The Franchise Affair (Associated British Picture Corp.; Stratford Pictures) gets its title from one of those picturesque British country houses, *The Franchise*, inhabited by tart old Mrs. Sharpe (Mar-



WILL ROGERS JR. AS SH.

From cowpuncher to poet lariat.

jorie Fielding) and her attractive daughter (Dulcie Gray). The affair at *The Franchise* is fomented by a teen-age girl (Ann Stephens), who falsely, but with plausible evidence, accuses the well-mannered Sharpes of kidnaping her, beating her, and holding her prisoner in their attic as a rather unusual method of solving their servant problem.* In the face of mounting community hostility, the perplexing case is finally cracked by a young lawyer (Michael Denison), who has taken an interest in the proceedings—as well as in Miss Sharpe.

The picture, co-authored and directed by Lawrence Huntington, is a leisurely, literate and pungent whodunit from England, graced with good performances and laced with gentle wit. All in all, *The Franchise Affair* is a polite little storm in a teacup. It is also an exceedingly well-brewed cinematic cup of tea.

We're Not Married (20th Century-Fox) is a sort of comic sequel to *A Letter to Three Wives*, which showed how a rumor of infidelity affected a trio of young suburban matrons. The current picture shows the way five husbands and their wives react to the news that they are not legally married. An absent-minded justice of the peace (Victor Moore) had married

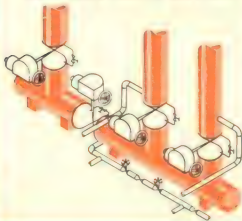
* A latter-day switch, as adapted from Josephine Tey's 1949 novel on the famous 18th century case of a domestic servant named Elizabeth Canning of Aldermanbury, England, who falsely accused an old woman of keeping her prisoner in a loft and soliciting her to lead an immoral life.

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them before his commission went legally into effect.

The recipients of this startling news are the Glad Gladwyns (Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers), a Mr. & Mrs. breakfast team, who address each other by such endearing terms as "panther girl" and "white fang" when they are not being lovey-dovey on the air, dispensing commercials and "good, clean, nauseating fun"; a flouncy blonde (Zsa Zsa Gabor) who is trying to dig all the gold she can from her Texas-tycoon husband (Louis Calhern); a laconic Long Island couple (Paul Douglas and Eve Arden) who communicate with each other only in monosyllables; Mrs. Mississippi (Marilyn Monroe), a bathing-beauty contest winner, and her baby-tending husband (David Wayne); a G.I. (Eddie Bracken) from Richmond, Va. who frantically tries to remarry his expectant wife (Mitzi Gaynor) just as he is about to be shipped overseas.

We're Not Married has a laugh-provoking premise but, as scripted by Producer Nunnally Johnson, the premise does not always live up to its promise. Far & away the best sequence: baggy-eyed Fred Allen being wed to a bored Ginger Rogers by fuddy-duddy Justice of the Peace Victor Moore in one of the funniest marriage ceremonies ever seen on the screen.

Island of Desire (David Rose: United Artists) defies all the laws of probability by casting shapely Linda Darnell as a washup spinster. Stunningly photographed in Technicolor, Actress Darnell portrays Lieut. Elizabeth Smythe, a Navy nurse who is washed up on an uninhabited Pacific island after a troopship is sunk during World War II. Washed up with her is a blond, boyish Marine corporal (Tab Hunter).

Oddly enough, the two castaways do not hit it off at first. Lieut. Smythe pulls rank on the corporal and calls him an "unpleasant brat"; he responds by calling her a "sourpuss." But in due course things get back to normal, and they are seen bounding along the beach clad in breezy tropical raiment and quaffing coconut milk. Unfortunately, their tropical paradise is short-lived, for a handsome R.A.F. pilot (Donald Gray) crash-lands on the island.

To reinforce this slender plot, *Island of Desire* offers some pretty scenery in addition to its decorative leading lady. Also prominent in the small cast: Barbecue, the personable piglet discovered on the island by Lieut. Smythe.

Has Anybody Seen My Gal (Universal-International) is a movie with a moral: money is not necessarily conducive to happiness. This discovery is made by a dyspeptic and crotchety old multimillionaire (Charles Coburn) who forsakes his bank deposits to move in with a quaintly colorful small-town family, where he not only finds peace of mind but also wins first prize in a local art exhibit with one of his paintings.

Has Anybody Seen My Gal is set in



ALLEN & ROGERS
Good, clean, nauseating fun.

what is referred to as the Roaring Twenties, an era when, to judge from this picture, flappers in short skirts and college men in raccoon coats did little else but pour down bathtub gin, read Elinor Glyn's *It*, dance the Charleston, and indulge in such *bon mots* as "hot diggity," "the cat's meow" and "skiddoo." The result is a thoroughly lightweight but agreeably lighthearted little taffy pull in Technicolor. Surrounding Multimillionaire Coburn are a number of pleasant young people, including Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, Gigi Perreau and an enthusiastic assortment of sheiks and shebas.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a strange dreamworld of their own (TIME, July 21).

High Noon. Gary Cooper as an embattled cowtown marshal facing four desperadoes singlehanded in a topnotch western (TIME, July 14).

Where's Charley? Ray Bolger singing and dancing in a gay, Technicolored edition of *Charley's Aunt* (TIME, July 7).

Carrie. Polished movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as star-crossed lovers (TIME, June 30).

The Story of Robin Hood. Flavorful version of the old legend, with Richard Todd fighting for king, country and fair Maid Marian (TIME, June 30).

Pat and Mike. A sprightly comedy in which Katharine Hepburn plays a lady athlete and Spencer Tracy a sports promoter (TIME, June 16).

Outcast of the Islands. Joseph Conrad's hothouse drama of a white man's disintegration in the tropics, strikingly directed by Carol (*The Third Man*) Reed; with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley (TIME, April 28).

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BOOKS

A Wrestle with the Grail

THE SILVER CHALICE [533 pp.]—Thomas B. Costain—Doubleday (\$3.85).

Novelist Thomas Costain has taught history to more people outside the classroom than any professional historian has ever taught inside. His swashbuckling sagas, *The Black Rose* and *The Moneyman*, not only gave readers a bowing acquaintance with the courts of Kublai Khan and medieval France, but made Costain himself the contemporary king of historical romance. To the fans who have bought nearly 5,000,000 copies of his eight books. King Costain can do no wrong, but the sad truth about his latest novel, *The Silver Chalice*, is that it rarely swashes and regularly buckles.

Tired of "all the Arthurian tripe about the Holy Grail," Novelist Costain has written his own version of what happened to the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. His hero is Basil of Antioch, a low-born artisan hired by Joseph of Arimathea to fashion a silver casing to hold the homely original. While young Basil is still wrestling with clay models, he also begins a long wrestle with sacred and profane love in the persons of 1) Deborra, the rich Christian girl he marries, and 2) Helena, a toothsome pagan baggage who has bewitched him with a love potion.

The potion seems to stymie both girls. It keeps Basil too cool toward Deborra to consummate his marriage and not warm enough toward Helena to make more than a mental pass at her throughout the book. But it does help Basil get his work done. He rattles around the Mediterranean world from Jerusalem to Antioch to Rome in order to see saints and apostles like

Mark, Luke, John, Peter and Paul, and etch their images on the chalice. These holy men wear their hair and their platitudes long. Together with Author Costain's lumbering, pseudo-Biblical style, they reduce the pace of *The Silver Chalice* to the gait of a lame camel. Occasionally, the inferior doings are spiced up with superior settings, e.g., Nero's sycophantic court, a gladiatorial breakfast, Jerusalem's Dock of Atonement.

When Nero, in a fit of rage, orders the Praetorian Guard to toss Helena from a tower, Basil heads home to faithful little Deborra, who is waiting for him back in Antioch. In no time, they are walking the dog together and billing & cooing over a hoped-for manchild. As for the chalice, it is soon stolen, never to be seen again, but a "miracle" enables Basil to finish the casing: he sees, and carves on it, a vision of Jesus. Author Costain's own vision of all this comes pretty close to reducing early Christianity to soap opera.

Greek in the Heather

LAXDALE HALL [301 pp.]—Eric Linklater—Harcourt, Brace (\$3.50).

Why is a Labor M.P. crouching naked in a willow tree, with 40 Scottish housewives prancing below and screeching: "Come down, ye mangy tod, and I'll buff your beeff!"? Why does a stern Presbyterian minister stand by waving a two-handed sword and bellowing, "There is a harvest still, a harvest of thistles and of tares, for the sword of Gideon!"?

Eric Linklater, in whose latest novel these uncommon scenes appear, explains with grinning relish. A Scotsman to the briskeet, Linklater believes that English M.P.s have treated his native land so stingily that it is time they got a comeuppance. A onetime chancellor of the University of Aberdeen, Linklater also knows his classical drama and how to make it a vehicle for his grouch. *Laxdale Hall* is a modern variation on Euripides' *Bacchanales*, in which sobersided King Pentheus is first treed, then torn apart by furious women because he has forbidden them to join in the orgies of the wine god Dionysus.

Pettigrew v. Passion. Linklater's setting is a Scottish fishing village, his characters a cross section of classes from laird to laborers. Too somnolent to worship Dionysus, too remote to be reformed by Pentheus, the villagers of Laxdale have only one wish in life—to see Parliament vote them money for a decent road over the moors. Instead, Laxdale gets a personal visit from Mr. Pettigrew, a blue-nosed Labor M.P. who regards Highland life as the epitome of insanitary sloth. He brings a shapely wife, who admires his Penthean principles but turns to lustier men for her Dionysian pleasures. Along with the Pettigrews have come a varied bunch of visitors, including a novelist in flight from the tax collectors, a journalist, a Greek professor, a gang of salmon



NOVELIST LINKLATER
A naked M.P.

pouchers. And it so happens that the laird's lovely daughter chooses this moment to stage a village production of *Bacchanales*.

Linklater soon gets his variegated cast moving, his wheels-within-wheels churning out the butter of melodrama. Reformist M.P. Pettigrew speedily rouses the fury of the village women, while his wife works havoc with the menfolk. The Greek professor (who is Author Linklater disguised in a tunic) orates at length on life, love and Labor; the pouchers cast their nocturnal nets in the moorland stream. Sluggish Laxdale plunges into a hubbub of mingled rage, passion, skulduggery and Euripidean oratory.

Spry or Sly? In the end, Linklater's Laxdalers have hopes of getting their road. But they have already got what Linklater feels is equally important—a Dionysian respite from the austerity of modern Scottish life. The minister waving his two-handed sword at the frenzied women symbolically expresses another of the morals of *Laxdale Hall*: Christianity itself becomes more vigorous when sinners are spry instead of sly.

Author Linklater swings no heavy sword himself; he is much too urbane to cleave an enemy to the chin. The result is a very amiable foray, with a lot more laughter than serious bloodshed.

Adventure in Aspidistram

POSTMARKED MOSCOW [278 pp.]—Lydia Kirk—Scribner (\$3).

There have been plenty of heavy books—long on thesis and short on anecdote—about the Soviet Union. *Postmarked Moscow*, by the wife of the recent (1940-51) U.S. Ambassador, Admiral Alan G. Kirk, reverses the recipe and thereby produces some pretty good summer reading. Lydia Kirk's book is based on letters she wrote from Moscow; they reflect about as much



NOVELIST COSTAIN
A toothsome baggage.



MONEY-SAVING NEWS

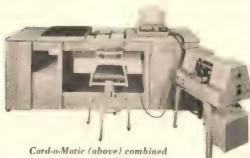
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of ordinary Russian life as the chandeliers in the U.S. embassy, yet by the same token they often catch fascinating flashes of diplomatic ado and occasional deeper gleams of humor and of terror.

The Wriggle Method. Spaso House, the U.S. ambassador's residence in Moscow, is a piece of colossal froufrou of the "classic revival" sort. "In architecture," says Mrs. Kirk, "the Russians seem to lag a hundred years behind the rest of the world." Taste in furnishings, however, is right up to 1912, with a strong "aspidistra atmosphere." The ironic truth, says Mrs. Kirk, is that the destroyers of the middle class have at last themselves "risen to a petty-bourgeois level of taste and morality."

Managing the Spaso House establishment was a little more than a fulltime job. No sooner was a servant properly trained than the secret police might whisk him away. To Siberia? Or to serve in the house of a party bigshot? The embassy was never told. As a result, the service often had a certain flavor of Central Asia, as when one day a maid was discovered polishing the main dining table by lying full-length upon it and furiously wriggling her rump. Russian laundries proceed against Western garments with such violence that it was felt advisable to wash clothes on the premises. As for dry cleaning, it is virtually unknown in Russia; everything had to be sent to Finland.

An Internal Situation. Diplomatic triumphs were small and few while the Kirks were in Moscow, but the ambassador's wife recalls a social triumph or two: Mr. Vishinsky came to lunch, and laughed several times; Mr. Gromyko went so far as to discuss an internal situation with Mrs. Kirk—his wife's liver.

In fact, Admiral Kirk's relations with Gromyko were reasonably good. "You must warn me, Mr. Minister," said the ambassador one day when the toasts began to fly in Russian, "if I am drinking confusion to the United States." Gromyko grinned, and replied: "That would have to be in vodka, something very strong. This is only white wine!"

How do the Russian people like their government? Mrs. Kirk reached only a broad conclusion: "It would be wrong to imagine any general revolt building up. The people are too patient. . . . They hope life will be better for their children." Just how? "It may not come in our time," an embassy chauffeur told Mrs. Kirk, "but it will be a fine thing. . . . No one will work more than two or three hours a day, and in the stores everything will be free."

Strait Is the Gate

HEAVEN AND EARTH (318 pp.)—Carlo Coccio—Prentice-Hall (\$3.50).

When a novelist chooses religion for his theme and a priest for his hero, he faces as hard a problem as fiction can pose. His hero must be a man of faith—and if that faith is to ring true, the novelist cannot, like Homer or Hemingway, give his hero the sort of dash that enlivens the worldling in fiction. His moral lapses are less endurable than in another



AMBASSADOR & MRS. KIRK
Vishinsky laughed.

man; ultimately, and foreseeably, he must prove his mettle by self-denial.

These are some of the reasons why most religious novels are dull or mawkish. The author's embarrassment shows up in the way he fidgets about in the shallow end of his narrative pool, or the wild high-dives he takes into the deep. Sometimes he tries to avoid these extremes by holding on to the guard-rail and pulling himself around the edges, often out of his depth, but never going under.

Who Believes It? In *Heaven and Earth*, Italian Novelist Carlo Coccio uses his characters as a guard-rail. He tells most of his story through their mouths, and thus remains at a safe distance himself. His priestly hero, Don Ardito, is one of those men who, like Tolstoy, struggle to tell the world that it has totally forgotten what Christianity is. "We say that the Father sent His Son to earth in the flesh and that the Son died . . . in order to redeem us . . . And we say further that every day we are allowed to repeat His sacrifice for our eternal salvation. We have said that millions of times . . . for the past 20 centuries, but who believes it? Who believes it strongly enough to act in conformity with his belief?"

Not the priests, says Don Ardito. "Compromise, moderation, restrained zeal, a constant effort to be 'human' and please the general public, all these mixed in with personal greed and jealousy— isn't that the portrait of the average priest? . . . How many of us priests . . . act as if the truth we preach were a spiritual reality, not a mere symbol?"

Don Ardito's Expiation. *Heaven and Earth* describes Don Ardito's pilgrim's progress toward the spiritual reality of his faith. When he arrives at the rectory in his small mountain parish and is warmly welcomed by the lusty young woman

who was his predecessor's housekeeper, he boots her out. When a rich parishioner commits adultery, Don Ardito ignores his cash value to the parish and bars him from Communion till he breaks off his affair. When he sees that he needs more learning to make his message effective among the educated, he drives himself to grinding study.

Don Ardito is deplored, detested, vilified. But he is also adored: even anticlerical partisans call him "the saint." The flaw in his character is that he is so intent upon his crusade that he cannot pause to deal with individual problems. Even as he climbs to fame as a preacher, he shrinks as a human being; he cannot give simple love to those who need it from him.

Heaven and Earth ends with an act of expiation. Don Ardito persuades a German officer to execute him for acts committed by the partisans. In this way, Author Coccioni attempts to bring all nations, creeds and parties within the sphere of his theme—to throw Don Ardito's girde of love around the earth.

It is not surprising that Coccioni fails to bring off this master throw. "How incapable I am of explaining!" writes one of his characters of Don Ardito. "What was there about his words that makes them ring with such intensity? . . . I could weep over my own ineptitude. It is all the crueler because as soon as I stop writing I can see the essence of his secret in absolute clarity."

This is every novelist's problem in a nutshell. But it is particularly the problem of the novelist who tries to portray convincingly the mind and soul of a religious hero.

RECENT & READABLE

Journey to the Far Pacific, by Thomas E. Dewey. A discerning and lively narrative of Dewey's travels in 17 countries last year (TIME, July 21).

Matador, by Barnaby Conrad. Latest addition to the small shelf of good books about bullfighters (TIME, June 30).

Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl. How eight Jews escaped the Gestapo for two years by hiding in an Amsterdam office building; recorded in the memorable journal of a teen-age girl (TIME, June 16).

The Thurber Album. Back through the turns of time with James Thurber of Columbus, Ohio (TIME, June 2).

Winston Churchill, by Robert Lewis Taylor. A cheerfully anecdotal biography (TIME, June 2).

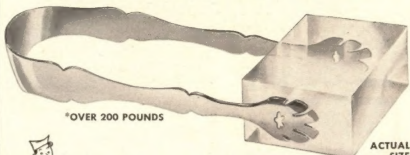
Witness. The testament of Whittaker Chambers (TIME, May 26).

The Time of the Assassins, by Godfrey Blunden. A tale of two fanaticisms—SS and NKVD—in the Ukrainian city of Kharkov (TIME, May 19).

The Golden Hand, by Edith Simon. Life & death in a fictional English village of the 14th century (TIME, April 28).

Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison. A rousing good first novel about the coming of age of a Negro boy (TIME, April 14).

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MISCELLANY

The Naked Truth. In London, costumes for seven London Casino showgirls to be worn on the television show *Excitement* were discreetly turned down by the show's producer for being "too exciting."

Assembly Line. In Madison Heights, Va., 13-month-old Martha Lula Coleman started to swallow a piece of nylon sewing thread, choked, brought up the string and a 10¢-store whistle she had swallowed three months before.

A House Divided. In Buenos Aires, Judge Pedro R. Speroni ruled that a wife may continue to live in the husband's house after a legal separation decree has been granted, provided the housing shortage prevents her from finding another home.

Obstacle Course. In Denver, Emily Charleston, 73, bitten on the right ankle by a black and white mongrel, started walking home from the hospital after treatment, was bitten at the same corner by the same dog on the left ankle.

Topic for Today. In Mount Vernon, Wash., a man arrested on a street corner for disturbing the peace was identified as an Indian named George Everybody Talks About.

Spot Settlement. In Newark, when Lee Merandino, 24, got out of her brand-new Pontiac to assess the damage caused by a car that struck her from behind, the other driver also alighted, stepped into her car, and drove away.

Rope's End. In Washington, Marine Corps headquarters received a letter from 15-year-old Louis E. Lamprecht, who wanted to join up because "I'm sick and tired of unmilitary life."

For the Birds. In Brighton, England, Herbert Coles, charged with annoying girls in bathing suits by whistling at them, was released after he explained that he was only feeding sparrows, and produced a sack of bread to prove it.

Last Resort. In Richmond, after the mercury topped 100 for the third straight day, Ernest Carnex, 50, jumped out a window, broke his knee, told reporters: "That heat wave just made me so darned mad."

Love's Labor Lost. In Izmir, Turkey, when Salih Ocan decided to play Don Juan to a neighbor's wife, he waited until the husband had left home, got hopelessly stuck trying to enter the house by way of the chimney, was rescued by neighboring farmers who pulled down the chimney to get him out, received a severe beating, six months in jail, and the bill for a new chimney.

HOW TO BE

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